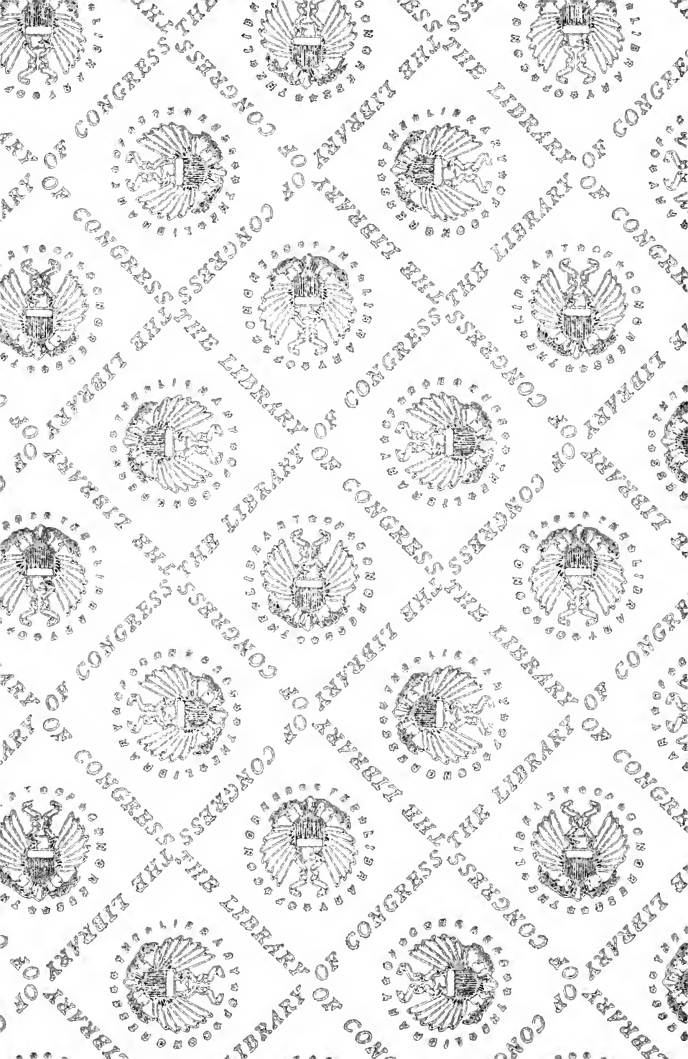
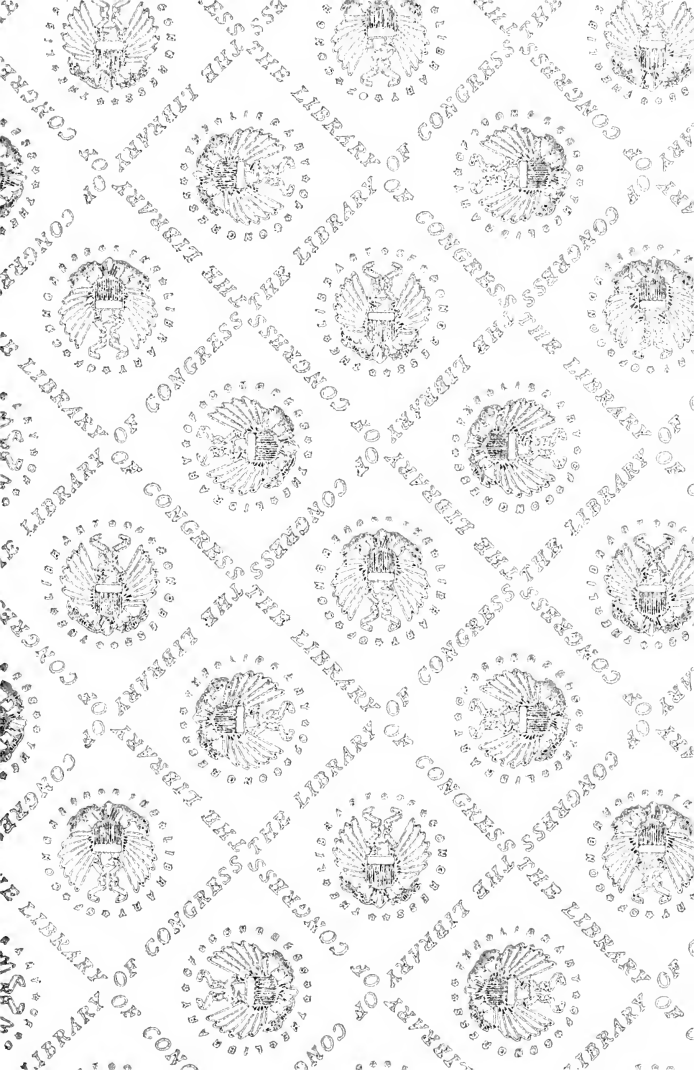


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OF

SUMMER BREEZES

IN

NORTHERN EUROPE.

Revised Letters to the "Brooklyn Eagle."

By DEMAS BARNES,

27

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC;" "NEW YORK
TO NAPLES," ETC.

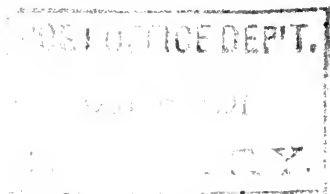
NEW YORK :

CHARLES F. BLOOM, PUBLISHER, 137 WILLIAM STREET.

1887.

JAN 11

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WHY I WROTE.

GEOGRAPHERS used to inform us that Denmark was a commercial nation which had colonies in the East Indies and owned Iceland; that Norway was inhabited by bold navigators who discovered Greenland in the ninth century, and whose principal food was fish; and that Sweden was a cold country, frozen in eight months of the year between the Baltic Sea on the south and the Arctic Ocean on the north: not very glowing descriptions, certainly. But more recently it has begun to be understood that the Scandinavian peoples had done something besides sailing dugouts among icebergs, gathering eider-down on perilous rocks, eating cod liver-oil and sleeping on bear skins. Still, as to the climate, the productions of the soil and the present condition of those far-away people,

popular knowledge is exceedingly limited and general impressions wholly incorrect. At least I found, on personal contact, that my preconceived ideas concerning them were crude and erroneous. I had supposed that the people were poor, oppressed, dwarfed by cold, deficient in education, rude in art, solemn in demeanor, and sadly wanting in cheerfulness and sentiment. On the contrary, they are comparatively wealthy; they enjoy liberty; they are larger in stature than the noble Romans or the boastful Franks, and they are the most generally educated people in the world. They are deft as artisans, sculptors and painters; fond of music, poetry, and dancing; and withal, joyous, buoyant, affectionate, and apparently happy. Moreover they have a history in war, science, navigation, literature, and the fine arts, such as few nations can boast of, and such as any nation might be proud to claim.

During the early part of last summer (1886) I spent a few weeks in the rural retreats of England. To avoid the usual—and to me familiar—routes of travel in southern Europe, and in search of summer breezes and much needed rest,

I turned my steps northward into Westphalia, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Subsequently, I enlarged my route and continued through Finland, parts of Russia, Poland, and Germany, and entered Switzerland, the Mecca of all travelers, from the east through Bavaria. How I left Switzerland is immaterial. With most persons a first desire is to get into Switzerland, and a second is not to leave it at all. I had not the slightest intention of writing a line for publication—in fact was quite resolved not to do so. Finding myself agreeably surprised by the culture and advanced position of the people I was visiting; surrounded, as I was, by evidences of an antiquity which brings Moses far into the realm of man's historic achievements, and environed by a civilization going back to the stone age, I began to realize that a relation of some of the facts and incidents which had so greatly interested me might likewise interest others. This idea grew upon me until finally I concluded, as scanty time would permit, to transmit, briefly, some of my impressions through an American newspaper. Soon, however, I regretted my good-natured determination. I

realized the disadvantages under which I was laboring. I was traveling somewhat rapidly, and I could not order a dinner anywhere or converse in any language but my own, much less acquire information in libraries concerning the people of whom I was undertaking to write, excepting through interpreters. I also realized that the incompleteness of my descriptions would, and probably do, leave my communications deficient in imparting information to others, which was my only motive for writing. Furthermore, I have no adaptation for descriptive writing. It was the condition of the people, contrasts in civilizations, differences in governments, and the influences of religions which were impressing themselves upon my mind; and not many persons care to have information upon such subjects. Yet the facts, the visible results of these potential influences, were there,—they are everywhere,—and they have not, within my knowledge, been told as I saw them. Do not be alarmed. I have not gone into ancient history or deemed this a fitting place for didactics. I was in search of summer breezes. I trust that their genial influences did not permit me to for-

get that sincerest hospitality is found on humble cottage hearths, that many a smiling face peers from out of homely hoods, or that birds sometimes sing on leafless branches, and flowers bloom even by the side of martyrs' tombs.

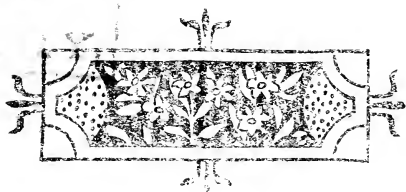
I therefore continued my communications. I am informed that they were cordially received by some and dogmatically criticised by others. If I am gratified by the evidences of commendation, I am delighted with the criticisms. I have criticised the Church. I had to. A person who undertakes to write of the ignorance, suffering, and misery of the great mass of European people, and does not state that the principal cause of their misfortunes is the tyranny, oppression, and superstitions, nursed and perpetuated by the Christian Churches, fails to state the true cause. Until a very recent day, every discovery in science calculated to elevate the standard of thought, and every labor-saving invention calculated to lift mankind into a higher state of liberty, was as vehemently opposed by the various Churches, as those now endeavoring to uproot degrading dogmas are opposed by their representatives of the present day. I have not

yet seen the person who has discovered the art of making an omelet without breaking an egg. It is to be regretted that so many otherwise good men have held, and still hold, that absurd religious dogmas are of more importance than intelligent scientific truth. But they do. I do not. Evidently there are others who are of my opinion, judging from the number of requests received for copies of my European correspondence. Several friends, whose opinions ought to have weight with me, insist that I shall collate and republish my recent letters. Following the bad advice of good friends has caused, and I presume always will cause, much trouble in this paradoxical world. This is my present position. I have the inclination, but I have not the time, properly to revise and edit a mass of hurriedly written and dictated communications of which I am without notes. There is, however, another and controlling reason why these comments should be republished. Whole paragraphs of my manuscripts were omitted, the compositors' mistakes were not corrected, and some of the proofs appear not to have been read or corrected by anyone in the newspaper office

where they were printed. It is, therefore, of some little importance to me, that what I intended to say shall be properly printed. For the reasons stated, and with a hope that a few rays of sunlight may appear to illumine some dark places, and that I may convey, however inadequately, a partial idea of the burdens less favored people than ourselves are compelled to carry, I present the results of my search for summer breezes in northern Europe.

DEMAS BARNES.

BROOKLYN, January 1, 1887.



I.

SCANDINAVIA.

Denmark—Norway—Sweden—Hospitality of the People—A Glance into Germany—Trip up the Cattegat—Productions—Plenty of Rock and What Became of the Soil—Glacial Action—Physical Aspects.

FOR the fourth time I landed upon a Liverpool dock. It was in June—the month of roses. England, cultivated like a vast garden in the midst of a park, and always beautiful, was then more beautiful than ever. It was also in the height of the excitement attendant upon the discussion of the Irish question. Of course I encountered Gladstone, Parnell, Churchill, and other disputants then attracting the attention of the world. I took the invigorating baths at Buxton, strolled in the pleasure grounds of

Chatsworth, gathered flowers in æsthetic Leamington, wandered among the ruins of Kenilworth, looked in upon classic Oxford, and was in no hurry to get into the great metropolis, although the height of the London season is during hot weather. I was in search of summer breezes, and these I expected to find in northern Europe. Without much delay I pursued my journey through Brussels, Cologne, and Dusseldorf. Where else I am to go I cannot yet say. England, Belgium, and France have been already made as familiar to most Americans as are distant sections of their own country. I shall endeavor to avoid speaking of things familiar, intending only to touch briefly upon things comparatively new. Hence my silence in regard to incidents preceding this time.

I went to Denmark. Its well cultivated land, great herds of fine cattle, snug cottages, and clean cities were to me a poem. I visited Norway. Its fir-covered hills, blooming valleys, and hospitable people delighted me. I am in Sweden. I am enraptured. I am writing this letter in Stockholm on a balcony by daylight, at ten o'clock, evening. The breezes here are blowing,

but the sun, too, is shining, and the sweetest sentiments of the human heart seem to well forth from humble cottages and stately mansions alike, causing a stranger to feel himself surrounded by a warmth of friendship and hospitality which stirs his best emotions, and is, I hope, productive of lasting good.

Scandinavia, composed of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, has sent to America an enormous emigration. Viewing the people who have remained at home, one naturally asks himself why any emigrate. Not that I fail to understand the disadvantages of long winters and their attendant short days, of a barren soil and a crowded population, or to appreciate the advantages of cheap land, light taxation and republican institutions, but that the seeming condition of the people precludes the idea of penury or want. The answer to my suggestion lies far beneath the surface. We here see nearly as many evidences of comfort and prosperity, even of luxury, as we do at home, and we certainly see fewer barefoot children and public mendicants than we would encounter anywhere in the United States. Good houses, ornate furniture, silver-plate, well dressed

people, fine roads, modern implements, and well-cared-for domestic animals, are the rule. There are proportionately a larger number of electric lights in Copenhagen, Christiania, and Stockholm than there are in Paris. There are more flowers in a few dozen front yards anywhere in these countries, fifteen hundred miles north of New York, than can be found in the entire counties which contain the thrifty villages of Saratoga and Richfield Springs. That plants grow and flowers bloom in the long daylight of northern climates is not at all strange. It is the taste, the education and refinement, which leads to such general cultivation of them, that is strange and agreeably surprising.

Before, however, speaking further of my more northern experiences, I must partially retrace my steps and say a few words respecting Germany.

Since the termination of the financial depression succeeding the Franco-Prussian war, Germany has been developing with tremendous strides. Hamburg is a city of magnificent houses, a large commerce, and about 400,000 remarkably enterprising and prosperous people. They are now razing the old buildings upon over

a hundred acres of land near the river, extending and deepening the canals, and erecting on the vacant site splendid eight-story warehouses. Hamburg is seventy miles from the North Sea, on the river Elbe, which is kept open during all seasons of the year. Now, to accommodate its rapidly increasing commerce, the government is constructing a ship canal sixty miles east to Lubec, on the Baltic. I think I can safely say that the most enchantingly located urban residences I have ever seen are those surrounding a lake which juts into Hamburg from the north. Hamburg is the home of our beautiful swans. It was here where lived a lady who bequeathed to that city a fund sufficient to rear and perpetually sustain three hundred swans. The increase over three hundred was to be given to other cities. The trust has been faithfully and generously administered. It was from Hamburg that New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and other American cities obtained the graceful birds which swim in the waters of their parks. I was informed that there were in the harbor of Hamburg over three hundred sailing vessels and steamships. Alas! the American flag did not fly from a mast upon one of them.

Since I was in Berlin, nine years ago, that city has doubled its population. It is now larger than New York. With her more than a million and a half people, Berlin is crowding Paris in many ways. Numerous old buildings have been cleared away, and modern structures with elevators and other improvements erected in their places. The suburbs are extending. Horse-car tramways intersect and environ the city, and an elevated intramural railroad as substantially built of stone and brick as an aqueduct across the Erie canal, now passes eight miles through the most populous parts of the city. Berlin's libraries, picture galleries and works of art, rival the British Museum, the Luxembourg, and the Louvre. Similar progress may be seen anywhere throughout the German Empire, from the Baltic on the north to the Swiss Lakes on the south.

The northern peninsula of Denmark—Jutland—is largely composed of alluvial soil washed down from Sweden. Like Holland, a portion of its land has been reclaimed by diking and pumping out the sea water. Its principal productions are wheat, rye, barley, and potatoes, and large herds of excellent cattle. The island of Zealand, to the east, upon which is located

Copenhagen, is rolling dry land, every foot of which is highly cultivated. The English language ✓ is taught in the public schools; letters are delivered and called for daily at every house, and nowhere, during my travels in Scandinavia, have I been in a hotel, store, depot, or other place, in which I could not converse with the attendants in my own tongue. Copenhagen is a thrifty city of over 200,000 inhabitants. It has an immense commerce, large manufactories, a park, zoological and botanical gardens, and the most complete museum of Scandinavian antiquities anywhere to be found. It was from this museum that Sir John Lubbock procured his engravings of the tombs, skeletons, dresses, and utensils pertaining to prehistoric man. The city is situated upon the Cattegat, and from its docks the shores of Sweden can be seen a dozen miles to the eastward. Twenty-five miles further north the two countries are separated by a strait only three miles wide, under which it is now in contemplation to construct a tunnel. I have no doubt that this undertaking will soon be accomplished.

One of the most surprising features of these

northern countries is the slight change between our own and their summer temperature. While skirting the coast of Sweden in latitudes from eight to twelve hundred miles north of New York, we experienced one of the warmest days of the summer, enabling us to sit under awnings and take our coffee upon the steamer's deck.

The influence of the gulf-stream upon these northern coasts has a very decided agency in tempering the climate. Bordering some of the streets in Copenhagen, I saw the English walnut-tree (*Madeira-nut tree*) in fair bearing. We cannot succeed with this tree north of Carolina. Telegraph wires, telephones, and electric lights are as much in use here as they are with us. Out-of-door amusements are far more general.

Stockholm is intersected by several arms of the sea, and parts of the city stand upon islands. Its bridges are handsome structures, and the waters are at all times lively with rapidly moving steamboats. To me, Stockholm is a far more attractive city than Venice. As to comfort and convenience in moving about, there is no comparison between them. In Venice the highways are narrow canals; the means of locomotion, gondo-

las; and the houses are damp and unwholesome. In Stockholm the streets are broad and clean, tramways and carriages are plentiful, and the air is invigorating and healthy. At night, with its many lights reflected in the water, and made gay with moving crowds, plying boats, and music from numerous gardens, it presents a beautiful and enlivening scene.

A sail up the coast of Sweden and, through the narrow channel leading to Christiania, is doubtless one of the prettiest trips in the world. Islands are numerous, rocks abundant, and fishermen's huts frequent, sometimes making picturesque villages. The entrance to the harbor of Gottenburg winds between promontories, rocks, light-houses, villas, and distant hills; and once seen, will be always remembered as presenting a view of weird and transcendent beauty.

By turning to the map it will be seen why Norway and Sweden must be treated as one country. The northern portions of the territory are mountainous and rocky, and only the narrow valleys are tillable. There is but little land in Norway, but there is a great deal of rock. From Christiania east to Stockholm, on the Gulf of

Bothnia, is about two hundred miles. It is about three hundred miles to the southern end of the peninsula on the Baltic. The extreme elevation of this table-land is only three hundred feet. It is crossed from sea to sea by a ship-canal passing through Lakes Wetter and Wener. For a few miles the canal follows the gorge below the Trollhatta Cascades, the waters of which, by several plunges, leap one hundred and eight feet. These are said to be the grandest falls in Europe. They correspond with the cascades at Trenton in the State of New York, and, in my judgment, are inferior to them in grandeur.

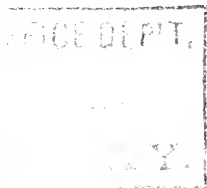
The lower peninsula, of which I am speaking, and the best part of Sweden, is composed of much rock, a larger proportion of very poor soil, and a little that may be called fair land. Almost everywhere, by reason of the rocks, the farm-lots are small, yet the farming is excellent, and where space permits one will see the American plow, horse-rake, and other modern labor-saving implements. As yet, I have not observed one of these implements in Belgium or France, although the level lands there invite their use.

The leagues upon leagues of verdureless rocks,

and millions upon millions of huge boulders which are here everywhere encountered, are the primeval curse of the Scandinavian people. They present indisputable evidences of long ages of eroding glacial ice. The soil was, long ago, transported further south, and now forms much of the territory of the Netherlands. Geologists inform us that on several occasions the earth, north and south of about 40 degrees, has been covered by seas of ice. The ice period commencing about 2,600,000 years ago continued with slight modifications for about 100,000 years. The period beginning 2,000,000 B. C. continued for 300,000 years. The one beginning 1,300,000 B. C. was of about the same duration, but from 950,000 B. C. to 100,000 years ago, during most of the Miocene period, those parts of the earth, the greater portion of the time, have been mantled with a sea of ice. The ice extended down into France on the European continent, and to the Tennessee mountains upon the American continent.

As for many hundred thousand years this great bank of frozen snow and water gradually pressed forward, conveying in its grip at the bot-

tom soil and rocks and depositing them elsewhere, it wholly changed the topography of many parts of the earth's surface. The chronology of geological events thus written on the rocks of Norway and Sweden forms a history of the earth's antiquity of which inspired writers had no knowledge. I am quite confident that had the people of these countries proceeded upon the theory adopted by Napoleon, when he appropriated the provinces of the lower Rhine because they had been formed from the soil of countries owing allegiance to France, they could have established a good claim to most of the wheat-fields and cabbage-gardens of Jutland, Holland, and Belgium.



II.

SCANDINAVIA.

Government—Amusements—An Ancient Ship of the Vikings—Discovery of Greenland—Prehistoric Man—The Stone Age—The Bronze Age—Antiquity of the Earth.

WHAT'S in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Denmark has its king, Norway and Sweden have their king, and many little principalities in Europe, of only a few hundred thousand population, have their kings. We denominate similar officials governors. Elections in Norway and Sweden are untrammelled. Any male citizen, twenty-five years old, who possesses property of the value of \$150, or who has been a tenant upon the same property for five years, is entitled to a vote. These humane people have abolished the

barbarous system of capital punishment, to which we still cling.

Although nominally existing under limited monarchies, the authority exercised by the bearers of inherited titles in Scandinavia has been little by little so abridged that almost all real political power rests in the people. The prefix of Prince or Duke confers but little honor, and even kings themselves have to count the cost of disregarding a sovereign power behind the throne. The guide who conducted us through the royal residence at Christiania was dressed more like a Pennsylvania farmer than an usher of a king's guests. The equipages of the nobility are not more conspicuous than are those of opulent merchants and bankers seen every day in the streets of American cities. After looking through long rooms in the Copenhagen gallery, the walls of which were hung with portraits of kings and queens adorned with velvet, lace, and jewels, and other badges of royal distinction, the guide remarked to us: "This is the portrait of Denmark's first real man king." He pointed to the picture of King Christian VIII., who ascended the throne in 1839. The sitter

was represented in plain citizen's dress, like an American president. At Stockholm a principal out-of-door concert and beer-garden is within 500 feet, and directly in front, of the king's palace, from which place royalty may listen to popular airs until midnight almost every evening in the year. Evidently, these people are republican at heart, and with another generation of men receiving the advantages of their high standard of education, they may become republican in fact.

A very interesting development in the geology of the Scandinavian peninsula is now taking place. The northern portion is being raised at the rate of about four feet in a century, and since historic reckoning has been elevated several hundred feet.

In 1883 there came to view in one of the Norwegian fjords what proved to be a ship of the early Vikings. This ship, with its masts and furniture, was carefully exhumed, found to be in a good state of preservation, and removed to Christiania, where now it may be seen. Archæologists agree in pronouncing it a vessel of the eighth or ninth century, and the oldest specimen of marine architecture now known to be in exist-

ence. It is ninety-six feet long, about twenty feet beam, with two decks and two masts. It had thirty double sets of oars, some of which are yet preserved, and a rudder on one side of the stern instead of at the end of the keel. Possibly this may have been the same ship in which the early navigators visited America in the ninth and tenth centuries.

But how did those people know how to sail to and fro across a boisterous ocean at that time? We have no knowledge of the mariners' compass prior to the eleventh century, and it is believed to have been discovered by the Arabs—more likely the Chinese—about that time. That the Norwegians did visit Greenland in 876, and during the next century established colonies there, is well authenticated. The records of seventeen successive bishoprics are preserved in the Christiania library, and the ruins of one hundred Norwegian villages may yet be seen on the western coast of Greenland. There the history ends. Whether the people were exterminated by the natives, frozen to death by change of climate, starved, or their ships of supply lost on the way by reason of a long obscuration of the

stars—then their only guide—we do not know. We do know that those people were abreast of the most learned nations of the earth in astronomy and other sciences. Their records concerning prehistoric man are the most complete of any in the world. In the museums of Stockholm, Christiania, and Copenhagen, man's progress through the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages may be traced with unerring distinctness. When one holds in one's hands the stone-chisel, the bone-saw, the flint-drill, and the bronze-hammer with which the pioneers of our race pursued their almost hopeless career of development, one can partially realize the immensely long periods through which they toiled to get up to the cambric needle and the chronometer watch.

It is nearly within our own generation—it is wholly within this and the preceding generation—that man has known anything concerning the formation and age of the earth upon which he lives. These are rather too important subjects of which to be in ignorance. I have always been anxious to get at the facts concerning them. A discussion of the facts, or rather an attempt to discuss them, has compelled many a person

to lay his neck upon the block, or stand upon the burning pile, and has caused more human blood to flow than there is water in the Croton river. I well remember that when I was but a lad I came near losing my situation with a good-hearted, but fearfully orthodox employer, because I chose to read a book—by whom written no one knew—which gave a little information on the subject. My superior said that the earth was made just 5880 years ago. He also said that he knew all about it; that it was so stated in the Bible, and that the Bible was an inspired book and could not be mistaken. He further stated—as many others have stated—that the world was created out of nothing, and that there was a man named Adam who was just as old as the earth. This wise and good man did not fail to state that to read the Vestiges of Creation was a great sin, and that it could not be permitted by any Christian employer. But he changed his mind on the permission part; for I read the book and remained in his employ just the same—excepting the sin of getting information. Yes, I was brought up on inspired history and have a proper respect for its advocates. But the inspired writ-

ers made a great many mistakes, some of them in regard to very important matters. They made a mistake as to the creation of the earth. They were mistaken as to when it was formed. They were mistaken as to the creation of man, and they were mistaken as to the creation of these Scandinavian rocks; the formation of Holland out of Swedish soil, and the formation of Long Island, where my home is. These inspired mistakes have cost me a great deal of perplexity. I am endeavoring to teach my children the history of their earth from authorities that do not make mistakes. Some of my authority I find here in Sweden. It is written on the rocks—not on a mountain within a cloud where no one could see—but plainly written in bold stratifications which have been standing for thousands, yes, for millions of years, and may now be seen of all men. I find it in the remains of animals which were extinct species millions of years before the date assigned for Adam's creation. I find it upon the summits of the Alps and the Sierras. I find it in the chalk cliffs of England, and the coral reefs of Florida. I find it in the eighty-one overlying coal strata of Nova Scotia, and

the submergence and formation of continents. I find it in the laws of gravitation and of light, and I find it in the indestructibility of matter and the incalculable distance of the stars, the light of some of which, traveling at the rate of 191,500 miles in a second of time, has but just touched our earth.

This is the verdict of scientific men without an exception. There is no longer any question concerning the formation of this earth. It never was created. It was formed, out of the atoms of other dissolving celestial bodies; as when it, too, shall dissolve, the material of which it is composed, with material from other bodies, will form still other planets. It assumed its present globular form millions upon millions of years ago. It was at first a pestilential morass, upon which even cold-blooded animals could not exist until after interminable ages, when carboniferous vegetation and insect zoophites had converted its deadly carbonic acid gas into coal and carbonate of lime, seen in coral reefs and lime-stone rocks. We may now enumerate 2,000,000 species of living animal life. But these are insignificant compared with the number of species which

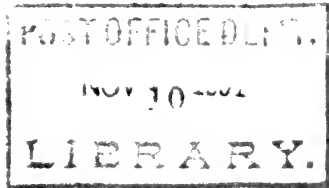
were extinct before man made his appearance upon the earth. These facts are worth knowing. They are what none of the believed-to-be-inspired persons who wrote the Bible knew anything about. After stumbling along in darkness for this long time, waiting for inspired writers to teach us something, we find that the only information we possess that is worth anything, and the only inventions assisting man in his hard struggle for existence against hunger, cold, and animal ferocity, have emanated from the brains of skeptical inquirers. The rest, in regard to the earth being clothed with verdure before there was solar light; the drowning of the world by a great flood and the preserving of 1,000,000 pairs of animals—the hippopotami from Africa, the sloth from America, and the companionable polar bear from the Arctic regions, in an ark for eleven months and sixteen days; Joshua making the sun stand still; Elijah sailing to an unlocated heaven through air in which he would have frozen as stiff as a poker at a height of five miles; sprinkling ram's blood on the tent-poles of Israel, and consecrating David for having killed Uriah that he might have one

more wife;—well, the less of such legends we have taught us as facts, the better.

For one, I believe it to be the duty of each of us to teach facts. Facts—immutable, unvarying laws—cannot be changed. If our great army of ministers dared speak what they well know are the facts pertaining to these subjects, what an enlargement of the conceptions of man would follow! Then, at least, the rising generation would be spared the humiliation of accepting absurd and debasing theories contradicted by reason. There is no excuse for longer teaching—not merely blind faith in fanciful legends—but absolute falsehoods. I doubt if there is in our country one intelligent university graduate who is not as familiar with Croll's 4,000,000 year tables, as he is with this year's almanac. He knows, or ought to know, if he essays to be a teacher of anything, that the earth's varying conditions as to heat and cold are governed by astronomical causes. He also knows, or ought to know, that tables are at his command which as accurately state the eccentricities of the earth's obliquity, past and future, causing the immense periods of heat which have permitted the car-

boniferous fern and the tropical banana to flourish in Scandinavia and in Greenland, and its alternating periods of low temperature which caused England and Ohio to be covered with mantles of ice, as do the almanacs inform us of past and future eclipses of the sun.





III.

SWEDEN.

Promoters of Science—The Most Generally Educated People in the World—Literature and Art—Jenny Lind—Ole Bull—Miss Nilsson and Ericsson.

NORWAY, Sweden, and Denmark were in the vanguard of inquirers after facts. Their philosophers were the first to dispute the cherished doctrine that ignorance is the best state for man. The effects are everywhere visible in the condition of their people. Unfavorably situated as they are, 93 per cent of their children of proper age are attendants upon schools. It was from these countries that Prussia first borrowed her admirable system of compulsory education, which since has been imperfectly copied by England and by some of the

American States. How enslaved man finally baffled his oppressors and struggled up and through the dense ignorance and degrading superstition, which so long had been his lot, is the world's greatest mystery. Sacred be the memory of Copernicus. For thirty-six years he suffered persecutions waiting for a time when he might project facts which, seized by the planets, should illuminate the heavens, so that finally all mankind could read the text of equal rights and the privilege to think.

The United Scandinavian Kingdom supports a standing army of about 100,000 men. It has a heavy debt, principally the legacy of its fighting days. The national taxes are heavy, and the local taxes for making roads and bridges over the rocky earth and mountain torrents must be large. The problem then is: with long and rigorous winters and short days, a churlish soil and heavy taxation, how is it that these peoples have for long ages sustained the first character as navigators, agriculturists, merchants, scholars, warriors, and statesmen? In navigation they planted colonies in Greenland, North America, in the tenth century; in war they have at

times successfully combated with England, Prussia, and Germany; in literature they had "Jack, the Giant Killer," in the eighth century; Wilhelm Tell shooting the apple from his son's head, in the ninth century, and Cinderella and the slipper a little later. Norway has given to the world Nordenskjold, the scientific Arctic explorer; Thorwaldsen, the sculptor; Ole Bull, the musician, and other renowned practical and scientific men. To Sweden we are indebted for the sweet voices of Jenny Lind and Miss Nilsson, for Swedenborg's philosophy and for a system of submerged gunboats invented by Ericsson, who is now living among us. At the critical moment, during the American Civil War, Ericsson's gunboat, the Monitor, sank the rebel ram Merrimac in Norfolk harbor, and doubtless saved New York from destruction. As to Denmark, all Europe seems to rely upon her for new blood to give vitality to its tottering thrones. Alexandra, the present king's eldest daughter, is Princess of Wales, and will be, if she lives, Queen of England; Dagmar, the second daughter, is Empress of Russia; and his son, George, is King of Greece. Bulgaria lately sent to Denmark for

the remaining royal son, Waldemar, to take the place of its recently deposed ruler.

These people are beyond England in the science of liberal government. They have turned their backs upon degrading titles, and ignored the divine right of kings. They have a sound currency; they are far ahead, in agricultural and mechanical arts, of Italy and Spain, with their bountiful soil, genial climate, and perennial harvests, and they have a larger commerce in their own vessels than we in the United States can boast of. In fact, Norway has a larger vessel tonnage in proportion to its population than any country in the world. I say that I am surprised at the prosperity, comfort, and progress of these wonderful people. I am thankful, as every American should be thankful, that so many of them are adding their intellectual fertility and physical productiveness to the element of progress in America.



SEP 8 1882

IV.

FINLAND.

Ice, Granite, and Polar Bears—Barren Soil but Cultivated People—Effects of Freedom and Religions—A Night on the Bothnia—Rooming with a Pickpocket—A Friend of Haeckel.

NORTHEAST from Stockholm, across the Gulf of Bothnia, lies a country in location comparable with Greenland, Labrador, and Alaska, and which one might suppose produced only ice, granite, and polar bears. It bears, however, the impress of the Scandinavian race, and I thought I would for myself see how its inhabitants have withstood Arctic winters, English whisky, and modern guns.

If the reader will look upon the map and locate Abo, Tevastehus, and Viborg, between the

sixtieth and sixty-second degrees north, he will the more readily understand the country of which I am writing. The city of Abo, about five miles from the sea, contains a population of over 20,000 souls. It has good hotels, stores, manufacturing establishments, schools, parks, and fountains; a botanical garden, a theatre, telegraph lines, a daily newspaper, and a fine railroad depot. On either side of the river leading to the sea are numerous fine private residences having their docks, yachts, and bath houses, and surrounded by lawns and flowers, rivaling Long Branch and surpassing the approaches to the American metropolis. A New Yorker, accustomed to viewing with placid satisfaction the beauties of the shores of his city's harbor, and visiting Finland with the expectation of finding a scene of almost Arctic sterility and hyperborean frosts, soon realizes his mistake.

Helsingfors, the Capital of Finland, contains about 50,000 population, and is the principal distributing city of the country. It has many magnificent five-story stores, two theatres, a military academy, a great university, a telegraph school, an astronomical observatory, electric

lights, two daily newspapers, an immense sugar refinery, one of the best hotels in Europe, and better collections of animals and exotic plants than are possessed by the combined cities of New York, Boston, and Chicago.

The principal productions of Finland are timber, marble, rye, barley, oats, and potatoes. The soil is poor, and apparently it bakes and dries out. The average annual rainfall is but twenty inches, or only about one-half that of New York. Yet the farming is good, and the country supports over 500 miles of railroad, and has a large foreign-carrying trade. But not in its harbor, nor in those of Stockholm, Christiania, Cottenborg, Copenhagen, Cronstadt, or anywhere else I have been, were my eyes gladdened by a sight of the flag to which I am supposed to look for protection.

I have frequently asked myself how it is possible for people like those of Finland, contending against soil, climate, and short days, hemmed in by ice during six months of the year, and paying taxes to a tyrannical government, to present so many evidences of superiority over the more favored peoples of Spain, France, and Italy.

The answer is, I think, to be found in the effects of its various religions. A single religion means devotion without knowledge. It means squandered wealth and willing poverty, and it means tyranny on the part of rulers, with sycophancy, deceit, and moral incapacity among the people. It is not a question of sect, but of human nature and the action of natural laws. No single religion ever did or ever can properly develop and control a people. Look at Abyssinia, Italy, and Turkey, probably the most backward and superstitious of existing civilized nations. The first is Protestant, the second Catholic, and the third Mohammedan. In those countries, and in all countries, until recently, doubters as to the supernatural and inquirers into natural laws were not wanted. Men like Roger Bacon, Descartes, Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Bruno, and Columbus, were deemed guilty of defying God, and were forced into prisons or to torture or death. Yet to these men, and to others like them, the world is indebted beyond the power of mind to express. But for the labors of some of them, the rotundity of the earth might still be in doubt; we might yet suppose that the sun

runs around the earth, and probably America would not yet be known to European peoples.

Finland supports 2,000,000 inhabitants and at least thirty religions, among which the Lutheran sect strongly predominates. The Lutheran Church, closely guarded as it is by other sects, is, I think, the most potential moral force in Europe. It permits no child to partake of its communion until he or she can read and discuss doctrines and creeds. It looks upon most mere dogmas as mythological legends, and the worship of relics as degrading. It relies wholly upon education and knowledge as the monitors for action. Moral homes and good citizenship are, I understand, the general rule. Shrines, wooden plows, barefooted children and the outstretched hand of supplication are seldom seen, while well-clad children, flower-embowered homes, school-houses, electric telegraphs, and labor-saving implements everywhere prevail.

Although subjects of Russia, the Finns enforced terms from their conquerors not inconsistent with their traditional freedom and national self-respect. They pay tribute, but they are not serfs. They have a national parliament and en-

act their own laws. They levy and collect their own taxes, have a navy, a mint, and a staple currency. When the Czar comes among them, it is as Grand Duke only—nothing more. They even have custom-houses between their frontiers and Russia. Finland, too, in my judgment, is getting ready to join the great army of nations marching on to the goal of republican government.

We left Stockholm to cross the Bothnia to Abo, in Finland, at midnight. The boat was crowded with passengers. Upon retiring, I found myself in a state-room with a stranger, who, upon exchange of salutations, I observed was a German, who spoke the English language. No sleep for me to-night, thought I. Entering into conversation in the darkness to ascertain whether I was housed with a sweet Monk or a vile pick-pocket, we touched upon various subjects, and I soon began to feel that my watch was safe. My companion was not a pickpocket. What was he? Yankee like, I endeavored to find out. He was a gentleman, and more than an ordinary gentleman. A curiosity to learn something more of him, his residence, and whether he was a doc-

tor, lawyer, or statesman, induced me to make inquiries in those directions, whereupon he informed me that his home was in Jena. Jena, not far from Leipsic, was, I hoped, to be taken in on my return trip. I said: "Although Jena is a place of literary distinction, it is a small city, and possibly you may inform me somewhat in regard to Haeckel, the author of the 'History of Creation,' a very popular book in my country?" Immediately my friend burst out in enthusiastic language, saying: "Do you read Haeckel's books? Do you know Haeckel? He is such a sweet man, such a lovable man, such a learned man. You must go to Jena. Mr. Haeckel will be very glad to see you. He will be delighted to meet a friend from America. I shall inform Mr. Haeckel that I have met you. You must surely come to Jena. I shall hope to see you there." The pickpocket idea had passed out of my mind. My friend had left his sofa opposite mine, and was holding my hand. Both of us were finally sitting up discoursing of Haeckel. I had learned where my companion was from; I had not yet learned who he was. But we had a mutual friend. We were approaching

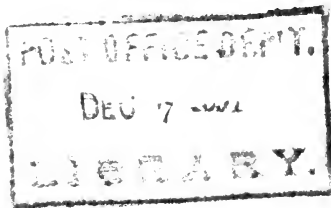
friendship. Thus came a reward for venturing to room with a stranger—a possible pickpocket. It was after two o'clock. A rap was heard upon our door, and an angry voice outside, as nearly as I could make out, said: "Will you not stop your talking? Do you not know that your ceaseless gabble in a foreign language is disturbing all the passengers in the adjoining rooms?" We begged pardon. We were squelched. We again lay down, not to talk, but to dream, of Haeckel. The next day we dined together on shore. My companion presented me with his card. He was Professor of Philology in the great University of Jena. The president of that University is Ernst Haeckel.

Perhaps some of you may ask who Haeckel is, for he is not yet an old man. I will answer this question with the understanding that you do not now ask another; for I know that when I have replied, you will have, not one, but several questions ready. Two gentlemen were seated upon the same sofa in a railroad carriage. One, whom I will call Mr. Jenks, was a Yankee. The other, whom I will call Mr. Jenkins, had but one arm. The two entered into conversation. Jenks took

the pump-handle and asked the usual questions of, where are you going? where do you live? do you happen to know John Smith? what do you do? general, minister, doctor? and so on. Jenkins replied with dignified but evasive courtesy. This was not satisfactory to Jenks. Jenks wanted to have a history of the great and sanguinary battle in which he was sure Jenkins had lost that arm. Again Jenks said: "I notice that you have but one arm; how did you lose the other one?" "You seem to be a little inquisitive," replied Mr. Jenkins, "but I will answer that question if you will promise not to ask me any other." The promise was readily given. "My arm was bitten off," said Mr. Jenkins. "What bit it off?" immediately was asked by Jenks.

Ernst Haeckel is the man who, to the satisfaction of the scientific world, has authoritatively located the garden of Eden; that is, the country where the animal, man, was developed into a reasoning human being. He is the man who has said that after the animal man was otherwise physically perfect, it probably required 500,000 years to develop the glottis, by which he could speak, communicate ideas, and begin a course

of cumulative progress. He is the man to whom Darwin wrote: "Had you published your opinions on creation three years earlier, the world would have been spared my more feeble presentation of the subject." Ernst Haeckel is doubtless the most profound scientific man now living.



V.

RUSSIA.

Its Isolation and Difficult Language—Oriental Splendor and Squalid Poverty—Immense Fields of Wheat and Wooden Plows—Some of the Hardships of the People—Exiles on their Way to Siberia.

RUSSIA is a sphinx. She may not inaptly be compared to a great beehive, with walls so thick that to outsiders a sound is seldom audible, while within is an intensely active population whose occupation is not merely to gather pollen from Cossack roses on their own vast plains, but whose pinions are capable of flying from the Black Sea on the south to the Arctic Ocean on the north, and from the German Empire in the west of Europe to Behring's Straits at the Eastern extremity of Asia. Neither is the imperial stomach

gorged by swallowing small provinces on her own borders, but she gulps down, apparently without discomfort, whole nations like Poland, Turkistan, and Finland; and now, judging from appearances, she is about to establish herself on the Persian Gulf. A cordon of sentinels guard her frontier at every point, and censors control the press, inspect telegrams, and overhaul the mails. The gauge of railroad tracks is broken at the frontier towns, so that no car or its commodities can enter or leave the territory without scrutiny.

We know very little concerning the domestic and internal affairs of Russia. Her language is a bar to intercourse. The Russian alphabet is composed of thirty-six characters, partly Greek, partly Roman, and partly composite. Seeing my own name written in Russian I could not read it. The multiplied vowels and peculiar consonant sounds effectually prevent a foreigner from understanding a word when pronounced, and it is impossible for him to inquire for a person, town, street, or number—a bad place, Russia, to be lost in. The Russian dictionary contains over 90,000 words. Poetry in such a diluted language would seem to lack that epigrammatic terseness

which is essential to convey force and emphasis. To describe such a people under such conditions and at a single sitting is impossible. It would require a local residence for years, and the entire space of twenty newspapers, to convey anything like an adequate idea of the Russian Empire, the country and its people, to say nothing of its history. I can only reflect a few surface observations. To do this in the briefest manner may carry me—I do not know where.

I entered Russia from the North. It would have made no difference had it been from the east, the south, or the west. Russia is fortified on all sides, not alone by fortresses and guns, but by a secret espionage, which, while it cannot be located or described, is felt, and one insensibly proceeds with caution. One is not permitted to leave a car or a boat, or to enter a hotel, or again to leave a city, without showing a passport and having it duly indorsed. But more anon.

Cronstadt is the seaward sentinel of St. Petersburg. Seven islands in the middle of a wide, shallow bay, the islands covered by immense forts, and the channel to be traversed by vessels winding between them, creates an impression

that this is not one of Russia's weak points. Indeed, one look into the throats of those frowning guns conveys an idea of impregnability. The next impression of national strength made upon my mind was by the extent of Russia's wheat fields. It so happened that I followed the harvesting of cereals through Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, and parts of Russia. From the English Channel to the Ural Mountains, and, I understand, far beyond them, it seemed to be a nearly unbroken field of yellow grain. American farmers and merchants will do well to note the results of my somewhat careful observation of Russia's now developing resources, when I say that our country has no longer a corner on wheat. The same remark may be applied to tobacco. I am of the impression that soon very little of either of these now important articles of export will cross the Atlantic Ocean to enrich our people. Quality, not quantity, will not long hence be the measure we must bear in mind. The average wheat crop of the United States is about twelve bushels per acre. If Russia, by reason of poor farming, averages eight bushels per acre, she can, I think, owing to the cheapness of her

land and labor, undersell us. Apparently, she has enough wheat harvested this year to feed the entire world.

St. Petersburg may well be styled the magnificent city of the Neva. Its streets are broad, its buildings massive, its parks numerous, its museums interesting, and its monuments grand. I have endeavored to refrain from reference to pictures, statuary, churches, architecture, and art, which most travelers, who write concerning Europe, describe with minuteness, but a part of the charm and bloom of Eastern countries would be wanting were the æsthetic wholly eliminated from what I say.

Political institutions develop varied civilizations. In Russia, largely in Germany and England, and in all old countries, it is difficult, and in some of them it is impossible, for a young man to change his vocation from that of his father or from the occupation in which he first started in his effort to gain a livelihood. Once a cobbler always a cobbler. Manufacturing privileges are largely farmed out as monopolies, titles are inherited, and public works are carried on by favored agents of the governments. Hence the

superiority of Eastern art, Continental cookery, and Oriental architecture. It is not unusual to meet the best talent of these countries represented in hotel porters, in chefs in kitchens and in painters of madonnas and chisellers of images. In our country, men of similar ability would be conducting manufacturing establishments, building railroads, managing banks, and serving as legislators in the United States Senate. I must therefore refer to Russian art—only refer to it, nothing more.

In front of the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg are ten monolithic Siberian marble statues, supporting the portico of the building, each one of which is fifteen feet high, and fully developing, in the most ideal manner, Herculean strength. In this great depository of national wealth, among many other things, is a solid jasper vase ten feet broad, sixteen feet long, and about nine feet high. St. Isaac's Cathedral has four equal fronts in the form of a cross. At each of the facades project great porticos supported by double rows of monolithic columns seven feet in diameter and sixty feet high—sixty-four in all. They are sublimely beautiful. They tantalize the

mind by their grandeur, they soften the feelings with their poetic symmetry, they undermine puny selfishness by their immensity. The effect is like that portrayed by Napoleon, when, standing in the shadow of Egyptian antiquity, he said to his soldiers: "From yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon us."

The river Neva is here about half a mile wide. It is crossed by ten bridges, lighted by gas or electricity. Seen in the evening, with miles of similar lights reflected in the water from the quays made busy by hurrying crowds of men, women and vehicles, and enlivened by music from numerous out-of-door gardens, the scene is one of exhilaration and exceptional beauty.

The driving in the streets of St. Petersburg is something to be remembered. The private carriages are fine barouches, quite like our own, and generally drawn by black Tartarian or Bulgarian stallions. These animals have long manes and tails, and are driven at a rate of speed that would make the commissioners of Central Park stare and clear the Concourse of people in a short time. The Drosky is a small four-wheeled, one-horse carriage, very low in the body, seating two

passengers, and a driver in front. All drivers wear long overcoats reaching to their feet, pleated over the hips, and bustled behind. The cap is low, broad on top, with a curved rim. It is wholly unlike any other head-gear I have elsewhere seen—a cross between an inverted tin pan and a Parisian swell's full-dress, curled-rim stove-pipe hat. Around the top of the hat are attached several small quills or feathers, in numbers according to the Cossack or provincial rank of the driver. The harness is made of very small pieces of strong leather. It is attached to the carriage or wagon by double traces, one to the whiffle-tree and one at the end of the axletree outside of the hub—an extra precaution against accidents. Over the horse's shoulders and his collar is raised an ornamental ox-bow about twenty inches in height. Within and on this bow are arranged pretty tassels and small bells. In Moscow horses attached to omnibuses, hotel coaches, and private carriages are driven four abreast. Being conveyed from the depot in one of those oriental equipages, one feels as if he were entering the chariot-races of the Olympian games.

Paris has its Versailles, Berlin its Potsdam,

and of course St. Petersburg has its Peterhof. It is said that the palaces, gardens, and fountains of the first-named place cost Louis XIV.—in other words, cost the people of France—200,000,000 dollars. I do not doubt it. It is not an easy matter to obtain facts pertaining to the folly of Russian imperialism, but it is safe to say that at Peterhof enough money has been wasted upon ornate palaces, artificial rivers, tumbling cascades and spouting fountains, to create a rebellion anywhere except under a tyrannical government like that of Russia. Walking or driving for the distance of a mile immediately underneath the fifty-foot plateau upon which the palaces are located, the prisms of water rise from out of all imaginable kinds of artistic figures, and sheets of water tumble over cascade steps of silver and of gold, enter subterranean channels and again raise their sparkling columns in aerial flights below our feet, and then proceed, rippling and foaming, on their way to the sea. There are literally thousands of these fountain jets. They are very beautiful; but who pays for them? This is a question which involuntarily crowds upon the mind when one sees such oriental splendor—

such an awful waste of money, by the side of so much poverty and misery.

I have seen barefooted Russian men following a cow hitched to a forked stick for a plow, undertaking to prepare their land for wheat, while their food was boiled weeds and their beds were bundles of straw. I have seen women—barefooted of course—threshing their little stacks of wheat and rye with a flail upon the bare ground as a threshing floor; or, again, others of them taking handfuls of grain and whipping the heads over the edge of a board for a threshing machine, while still others would throw the grain in the air for the wind—as a fanning mill—to blow away the chaff. Then I have seen those poor creatures with baskets upon their backs and a strap across their foreheads, carrying this grain for miles to the market town, to buy, perchance, a few yards of calico for baby's gown; but mostly to obtain some rubles and copecks, for what?—to pay for the magnificent palaces and the perfumed fountains at Peterhof, which they have never beheld. More than this. I have seen stalwart men and comely women carrying their bundles and marching between

soldiers on their long 4000 miles journey to Siberia—and death; their crimes being the world's old story—protesting against taxation without representation.

The foregoing remarks are but an introduction to an anomalous, contradictory, and most interesting people. Progressive it is by instinct, yet restrained from rapid development by a severe taxation, by a transfer of its laboring population from wealth-creating to property-destroying machines, and by the impoverishing demands of an exacting and oppressive ecclesiastical power—two tyrannies, each pandering to and abetting the other, their purpose being to keep the populace in ignorance as to their rights and their strength if united in opposing their oppressors. To convey a proper understanding of these questions, I must, after liberating my mind by a little desultory talk, occupy some considerable space. A consciousness of my inability to grasp and present Russian civilization almost paralyzes my effort to proceed with the hazardous undertaking.

VI.

RUSSIA.

Productions—Moscow the Oriental—A Thousand Greek Churches—The Kremlin—Its Treasures—The Great Bell—Thirty Dead Czars.

THE straightest and probably the best built 400 miles of railroad in the world is between St. Petersburg and Moscow. The contractors who completed this enterprise were two Americans—Messrs. Winans, of Baltimore, and Harrison, of Philadelphia. They are said to have pocketed some \$15,000,000 each as a reward for their enterprise. Trains upon the road are numerous, cars good, freight business heavy, station-houses fine, and meals first-class. Eight telegraph wires are in use between the two cities. The land is slightly undulating, but presents a nearly level appearance. The principal crops are wheat, rye, oats, and barley. There are many

large herds of fine cattle. Sheep are extensively raised in southern Russia. There are very few in the northern part.

Nowhere I have been within its boundaries have I found Russia dead. Upon the contrary, it is an active nation. All the resources of national greatness are everywhere visible. The people only need liberty. Give them liberty—they are already intelligent—and they would not only make Cossack tyrants follow Bourbon princes into exile, but they would make all Europe tremble.

St. Petersburg is modern and Germanic in its external characteristics, while Moscow is ancient and oriental. If it is distance that lends enchantment to the view, it is the exceptional, the remote, and the grand that emphasizes distinctions, draws upon the imagination, and tinctures our surroundings with romance. At Moscow we were one-third the distance around the globe. The difference in time is eight hours. While you in New York are beholding the sun setting behind the Orange mountains in the West, we in the morning of the next day are viewing him rise from out of the Volgan plains in the East.

You, at a distance, think of Moscow as one of many almost mythical places. Here upon the spot, whirled through crooked, narrow streets behind four finely caparisoned Tartarian steeds abreast—seeing men in long robes embracing each other at the doors of their shops; beholding shrines and burning lamps upon the corners and in almost every room in every hotel, shop, and depot; inhaling incense in every alley and catching glimpses of beautiful minarets, rising like pictures into the sky, we find that Moscow is indeed a reality and not at all a myth.

In two such distinct forms of government as that under which Moscow exists, and our own, with long ages of ancestral habits clinging to her people, we here witness conditions in dress, in houses, in utensils, in architecture, and in the evidences of religious zeal, that almost make us question our relationship to the race with which we are brought into contact. So much the more interesting. No wonder that Napoleon was silent with amazement when he first caught sight of the Muscovite capital, then not as grand as now, and containing only one-third of the population which it has at the present time.

I am informed that there are in Moscow about 1000 Greek churches. They are a composite of Catholic, Mohammedan, and Oriental architecture, and are probably the most beautiful churches in the world. When the ornate and wonderful St. Basil Church was completed, the architect was asked by his master, Ivan the Terrible, if that effort was his very best; if, under any circumstances or for any consideration, and with any amount of money, he could construct a more beautiful edifice. The reply was that he could not; to make a more beautiful structure, he said, would be impossible. Thereupon the architect's eyes were put out so that even he should not copy his own sublimely beautiful creation. I think that not one of these thousand churches has less than three minarets and domes. Most of them have five, some have twenty-five—always an odd number, for a grand central effect—and some have from fifty to one hundred. They are colored white, green, red or blue, or are covered with silver or gold. Most of them have chimes of bells, and I presume that there are in the city of Moscow 8000 church bells.

It was but yesterday that I stood on the emi-

nence—about six miles west of the city—where Napoleon stood on that eventful day, when he first beheld Moscow's 5000 minarets, spires, and domes, and the Kremlin's golden roofs glisten in the sun, and from whence he surveyed the treasures which he thought would soon be at his disposal. I traversed the same road which he took when he marched his 500,000 men to an expected victory that proved to be the most melancholy defeat recorded on the pages of history. The immense treasures of the museums in the Kremlin had been removed and the sullen Muscovites applied the torch to their own devoted homes. The sequel is well known. Moscow has been rebuilt, and its treasures and relics have been returned, supplemented by the emperor's cannons, flags, carriages, eating utensils, and numerous other trophies taken from the fleeing invaders.

To enumerate the wonders of these Kremlin museums is impossible. To describe any of them is to select one jeweled crown out of many, one diamond out of millions. Silver and gold, malachite, lapis-lazuli, jasper, rubies, diamonds and sapphires are not only worked into

crowns, thrones, and vestments in almost endless profusion, but they are even formed into furniture and make fire-places, walls, and ceilings. Here is the tocsin bell which sounded the signal for plying the torch to the city; there are the red stairs upon which Napoleon ascended to the throne of the Romanoff kings; here is the sword with which the Terrible Ivan beheaded his own sons; there the furs that once enveloped the form of Catherine the Noble; and here, again, are the tools with which Peter the Great worked when he builded ships and empires, for it was his knowledge of the wants of his people that gave them the mighty impulse which yet jars two continents. Then we were shown through the great throne room, the silver rooms, the gold rooms, the pink rooms, the white rooms, the blue rooms, the jasper rooms, and the crystal rooms, and then we wound up intricate staircases to the secret trial room,—still higher,—to the dungeon and execution rooms, where voices were stifled without remorse, and where cries could not be heard by sympathizing friends.

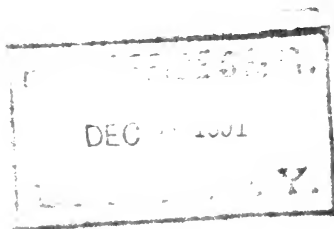
The far-famed great bell of Moscow has been elevated in proper position upon a solid brick

structure about five feet high, near a church within the Kremlin walls. It is a curiosity. In size it far exceeds my school-day conceptions. I therefore returned and applied my measuring-tape around its orifice. It at first hung—if ever it was hung—on a low wooden structure where it now stands. The frame is said to have been burned, and when the bell fell to the ground a piece seven feet high was broken from its disk. I was not there when the event occurred, but I venture the assertion that that bell, with a downward orifice of twenty-six feet diameter, was not buried in the ground, as historians record was the case. The bell measures 78 feet in circumference, and is, I think, about 20 feet high. I am aware that cyclopedists give the measurement as 60 feet in diameter, and 19 feet 3 inches as the height. Against this I simply set my own measurement. The iron clapper is about 9 feet long, and is said to weigh 40 poods, or 1600 pounds. I did not lift it. The statement is, I think, quite correct.

Moscow contains about 800,000 people. It is surrounded by an outer line of earth fortifications 23 miles in circumference. There is a sec-

ond or inner stone wall seven miles in circumference. Around it is a boulevard or park about 300 feet wide planted with trees and patches of flowers. Still, inside of all, there is a higher and more massive stone wall surrounding the Kremlin, one and three-fourth miles in circumference and enclosing 98 acres. The celebrated Kremlin is on an elevation 100 feet above the little river Moskva, which winds nearly around it. Within the Kremlin walls, entered by five gates, are the palaces of the Czar, the treasury, public buildings, museums, libraries, and royal churches. In one of these churches I counted sarcophagi, containing the mortal remains of thirty dead emperors. The cost of these buildings and the wealth contained in them is simply fabulous—indescribable. Think of the interior of a large church being literally lined—walls, ceilings, and retiring-rooms—with plates of solid gold one-sixteenth of an inch thick. Also think of 70,000 pearls worked into one suit of clothes worn, perhaps, once by one of those dead czars. But these things, and many others quite as barbaric in their splendor, and quite as impoverishing to the people, are here in the Krem-

lin. These are some of the things which the unfortunate dwellers under tyrannical governments have to pay for. They are what Americans do not have to pay for. It is readily seen why Napoleon wanted to get into the Kremlin, at Moscow, and why he imperilled the lives of 500,000 men in his endeavor to accomplish this purpose.



VII.

RUSSIA.

Her Landed Possessions—800,000 Men Under Arms—Toiling Women—Religious Superstitions—Farming—70,000,000 People in Long Houses—Peter the Great.

THE landed possessions of Russia extend nearly 6,000 miles in one direction and over 2,000 miles in another. They constitute one twenty-fifth part of all the land on both hemispheres. Russia has already absorbed and incorporated into her body politic 100 different nations. Still she goes on to conquer—and for good reason. This mighty people are inland. Nowhere, near the nation's populous centers, have they free access to the oceans of the world. That some time they will break

down their present barriers, I think we may take for granted. Until this purpose is accomplished, Russia will more and more attract the attention of men and nations. It is not, however, my purpose to discuss Continental politics, but to state existing facts so far as they have come under my observation, and leave each one to draw his own deduction as to results.

The present condition of the Russian people is bad; before the emancipation of the serfs it must have been simply terrible. The peace army of Russia keeps 820,000 men away from productive industry at all times. In time of war, she can strip the country of 4,000,000 men. As at all times she is at war somewhere, either in Europe or Asia, it seldom occurs that she has less than 1,500,000 men to support, who do nothing in return, excepting kill other men. The cost is something enormous. But the cost in rubles is, however, not the only national loss that comes from converting farmers into soldiers. It unnaturally forces women into the fields to perform men's labor. This not only degrades the women; it also degrades their offspring, suppresses their ambition and debars them from

education. Education of the young is now the lever which raises a nation to prosperity and power.

A favored few of the wealthy class and members of noble families in Russia live luxuriously, but the great mass of the laboring population exist in penury. Male farm labor commands but twenty cents per day. Women in hotels and in house service receive only about three dollars per month. The food of the peasants is principally lentils, rye bread, potatoes and a little meat, although a sheep, aside from its wool, may be purchased for twenty cents, a cow for three dollars, and an ox for five dollars. I heard of good four-year old horses being sold for ten dollars each. The standard of living may be comprehended by realizing the fact that in the United States our people consume on the average 120 pounds of meat and 41 pounds of grain and vegetable food each per annum, while Russia's population consumes but 54 pounds of meat and 18 pounds of grain and vegetables per person during the same period of time.

A greater curse to the Russian people than even the tyranny of their government, is the

tyranny of their religion. It has a hold upon and control over them which, at a distance, it is impossible fully to realize. The Greek Catholic Church, like some other ecclesiastical denominations in our own country, claims to inherit the true succession from Christ. The people do not question the claim. It also claims that its vice-gerent patriarchs are infallible. The people believe it. They obey implicitly whatever the priests command. A first commandment is to give to the Church a large portion of their earnings, and a last commandment is like unto it—give to the priest half of what remains. When, at one time, the Church issued an order that as potatoes were not mentioned in the Bible, the people must not eat potatoes, potatoes were banished and the people went back to eating more weeds.

Such a statement is received with incredulity. It is with difficulty we can believe that a Christian church could thus abase a people. Possible! Why, the doctrine that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," was a cardinal faith in all of the older Christian countries, and as to some things, it still is. Bad as is ecclesiastical tyranny

in Russia, it is not as debasing here as it has been elsewhere. I think that I am correct in saying that the hostility of the Christian Church to science, inventions and discoveries which might increase the knowledge and elevate the condition of mankind, has been the cause of more misery, persecution and suffering and a greater influence in retarding man's advancement than all other causes which can be named. The punishment of scientific men, the destruction of libraries and secular literature and the substitution for them of blind faith and the enforcing inquisition, which for a thousand years cowed the intellect of the Christian world with an impenetrable mantle rightfully denominated the "Dark Ages," were but the legitimate offspring of this unnatural parent.

When, in 650, Pepin of France sent to Paul I. of Rome for the loan of useful books, there were but two non-ecclesiastical books to be found in Italy—a rude grammar and the unimportant memoirs of Dionysius. The science of chemistry was pronounced to be necromancy. The church's substitute for chemistry was transubstantiation. The use of medicine was inter-

dicted and doctors were proscribed. Priests and prayer alone could cure disease. But the priests charged more for their prayers than formerly doctors had charged for medicine. When fanning mills were first brought into use—not a very long time ago—the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland forbade their employment, as contrary to the Scriptures. The Bible says, “The wind bloweth where it listeth.” To create artificial wind was usurping the functions of God! I have seen Russian farmers throwing their grain in the air for the wind to blow away the chaff. When there is no wind they must eat the chaff and the cockle with their rye flour.

From your point of view you will doubtless say that this Russian religious teaching is heathenish. You are no doubt quite correct—it is heathenish. But these Russian Christians draw their construction of duty from the same Bible from which we draw our definition of duty. Is not the essence—the philosophy—the authority, the same the world over? Are not the differences in forms merely the same thing under different names? Science is excluded from all of them. Special providences and not natural laws control

them. What is termed "inspiration" teaches the abnegation of reason—the right of religious teachers to do the thinking and expounding, in each sect. The teachers think and expound differently in different countries and under different circumstances. This is all the difference I can perceive.

In our country it is expected that the President of the United States will occasionally issue a proclamation to the people, requesting them to assemble in their places of worship, and according to circumstances endeavor to influence God to send rain and harvests and assist our armies to kill more of the opposing forces than they kill of our men. In another country the devotees kneel before shrines and try to propitiate God by burning sweet smelling incense and parading images of their saints dressed in expensive velvet and gold cloth. Others seek the same result by erecting costly churches with soaring spires and permitting their robed priests to march from one altar to another and mumble over superstitious texts in unctuous and unintelligible language. Possibly God may be captivated by these seductive displays, but I doubt if any

fully intelligent person believes he is. I have noticed that these spiritual expounders of the inspired scriptures put lightning rods on their churches just the same as do the Wall street gamblers on their bank buildings or the whisky makers on their distilleries.

Which of these varied religious systems is the right one? I do not know, neither does any one else. To some persons one of them appears quite as sensible as any of the others. Each proceeds from the same cause—is founded upon the same authority. They are the fruit of the same tree—the result of a philosophy which in one place accepts commandments from the clouds; in another worships fetiches, and in still another propitiates diabolical deities with hecatombs of human victims.

When in the thirteenth century the Roman Catholic Church found itself encumbered with two and then three Popes, the question arose whether there could be two or more infallible authorities. If so, which was the true Pope? The Greek Catholics saw their opportunity. They answered the pervading thought by referring the doubtful to their single patriarch. He

was the true descendant from Christ. Their Church was not divided. It profited by the schism in the Roman Church. But Russia at that time was largely Mohammedan, and that religious order was accustomed to building extraordinarily attractive church edifices. Then these two religious rivals began a race in sensuous display, lavishing untold wealth upon churches, shrines, pictures, vestments and other ecclesiastical paraphernalia, which are still a principal attraction throughout the East. They are wonderfully gorgeous, and they are sumptuously expensive. Of course they add to the otherwise heavy burdens of the people.

The crops and products of Russia are principally cereals, flax, cattle, tobacco, sheep and wool. It is quite evident that the farmers know how to cultivate the soil, for occasionally are to be seen evidences of such knowledge. Generally, however, the cultivation is very bad. One horse or one ox does all the farm work. In no instance have I seen two horses or two oxen attached to a plow, drag or farm wagon. The plowing is artistically done, but shallow. The furrows are not over four or five inches deep.

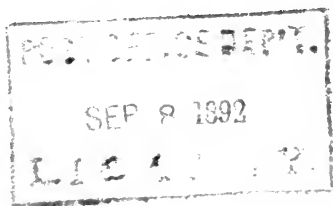
Fertilizers are but seldom used. The land is exhausted, but the crops are better than I should think possible under the circumstances. In very many localities one can see where young forests of five, twenty and fifty years growth, have been planted over old furrows. These forests will by and by produce a crop of timber and revitalize the soil when removed.

I met a well-informed landed proprietor, speaking my own language, whose estates are one thousand miles east of St. Petersburg. This gentleman informed me that eastern Russia is the richest part of the empire. The river Volga is navigable from its mouth in the Caspian Sea for two thousand miles, or within a few hours of Moscow and St. Petersburg. On that river are six hundred steamboats; more, I think, than are to be found on the Mississippi, Ohio and Missouri rivers combined. On the broad alluvial lands of the Volga and other rivers, he said, the soil is deep and inexhaustible. "There," said my informant, "we use the American planter, reaper and steam threshing machines." I have seen none of these labor-saving implements in Russia. Not one. I did see a few of them in

Sweden, and some again in Poland. The Russian plow is small, with a straight beam and a straight inclined upright piece intersected by a peg for a handle. It is drawn by one horse or an ox, or a cow, and of course can only turn a narrow, light furrow. The harrows are small, and are generally made with wooden teeth. The wagons are proportionately small and clumsy, sometimes without iron tires. Domestic animals seem to be well cared for; the log stables for cattle being larger than the houses for families.

Almost the entire farming population of Russia live in houses made of small logs and with straw thatched roofs. Generally the logs are sawed or hewed square on three sides, the bark being peeled from the fourth or outer side. They are well mitred at the ends and snugly fitted together. These houses are quite comfortable in appearance and are impervious to cold. The entire cost of the material required for a sample house cannot, I think, be more than \$100. Yet in these huts reside over 70,000,000 of Russian people. At first sight one would say that the outlook is discouraging; the hope of the inmates small. And so they are. But when we

reflect for a moment we perceive how possibilities may change results. At St. Petersburg may be seen a little log hut exactly similar to those I have described, in which lived Peter the Great, the founder of Russia's present civilization. The residence of William Henry Harrison at North Bend, Ohio, when he was elected president of the United States, was no better than these. General Jackson, Henry Clay, Webster, Lincoln and Garfield were born in similar humble abodes. And Russia has this day many unknown dwellers in log cabins, who, when despotism and inherited power are replaced by freedom and elective officials, will step to the front and conduct the affairs of that nation as similar men have conducted the affairs of the great western republic.



VIII.

RUSSIA.

Is She Tending Towards Republican Freedom?—
Liberation of the Serfs—Favorable Results—
Schools and Education—Community Farming
—Stimulating Effects of Individual Proprietor-
ship.

AT St. Helena Napoleon said that within fifty years Europe would be either Republican or Cossack. He was wrong merely as to time. There are many forces at work which to me indicate that Russia is traveling the paths which converge at the goal of republicanism. It does not involve prolixity to explain my meaning, although it is a very large subject to get hold of, and it ought not to be spoiled by undue brevity.

It is not at all impossible that both events re-

ferred to by Napoleon may take place. If once Russia becomes Republican she may make Europe Cossack. At any rate, it is quite certain that the coming hundreds of millions of Russians will not remain penned in by either the ice of the Baltic or the allied navies upon the Bosphorus. The seed is already planted and the forces are now in operation which will result in a crop of men and of national policies that must again change the map of Europe. What are they? The seed is the spelling-book, and the policies are those which tyrannies must hereafter yield to intelligent constituencies—which England once reluctantly yielded to America, resulting in common good to each country.

The first victory has been already won. Russia is an agricultural nation. Her soil is cultivated by communities, not by individuals. In no instance have I seen in Russia an isolated farmhouse. All the farmers reside in villages containing from 100 to 500 families each. The products of the communities are divided in proportion to the labor and material contributed by each person. To keep the records requires a secretary; to settle disputes, arbitrators are neces-

sary ; to work the public highways, road masters are essential ; and to punish the recalcitrant and mendacious, a local constabulary is indispensable. There must be both an appointing power and a system of succession. Here is the New England town meeting over again. Educational, surely ! Human nature is, I believe, the same the world over, simply influenced in its development and eccentricities by its environment. The places named are places of honor. Theoretically, they must be filled by the ablest men in the communities, and they are contended for with the usual energy allied to ambition for honor and distinction. Associating in villages, it is impossible that these men will not discuss their own interests, such as are involved in the fitness of candidates for office, how to raise the best crops, whose ox will bring the most money, the marriage relations of their children, and so forth. Further, these little communities will naturally have theatres and debating societies, and the men will participate in religious services. Still educational.

So far good. Not long ago these toilers were tenants or serfs. Now they are landowners and

freemen. They comprise 82 per cent of the population of the empire. From their ranks must be recruited the constables, the bailiffs, and the soldiers. By and by it will not be treason to discuss politics and taxation, for a majority of the people will then be rebels, and a minority cannot march a majority of a people to dungeons or to Siberia. Burke once said: "It is impossible to indict a whole nation." It is equally impossible to imprison or exile a whole nation. It will be the other chaps, one of these days, who will walk the floor, and doubtless then their property will pay the expenses of many a midnight promenade. The government already has ears. It commenced its concessions to these tillers of the soil—these makers of the nation's wealth—in 1861. Up to that time the land was owned by the nobles, and leased to the communities on the hardest terms that greed could demand or necessity submit to. The soil became impoverished, the serfs were beggars, and the nobles bankrupt. The nation was in no better condition. The government, with the assistance of some of the more liberal nobles, took possession of all lands, giving therefor its bonds, paya-

ble $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum for forty years. Then the government turned the land over to the communities upon the same terms, holding mortgages therefor, redeemable at pleasure within forty years. Twenty-five years have already elapsed and I am informed that an average of 60 per cent of the mortgage debts have been paid. The energy incited by proprietorship may be readily seen. The influences here for a betterment of the condition of the people are the same as they were in England, France, and Germany, when, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the feudal system fell to pieces. Instead of a few dukes, barons, margraves, and counts, to eat meat and wear respectable clothes, and millions of men without a coin, the dukes and margraves now do the begging and the millions keep the manufactories and the shops going.

In 1901, or in just fifteen more years, these Russian communities may divide and sell their lands. Then will commence individual ownership and individual farming, and then the real stimulus and competition growing out of individual proprietorship will actually begin. It has already begun in a system of education.

The conditions I have described rendered it necessary that a leaven of learning should get into the communities. The government's security on its mortgages would be increased. "If in addition to paying our taxes, contributing our quota to the army and taking care of our mortgages, we are willing to tax ourselves still further for schools, it will be good for us and it will be good for the government," said the farmers. Finally, the farmers were permitted to divide themselves into school precincts, taking in, on the average, about one million inhabitants each. The population of Russia proper at the present time is about ninety million souls. There are, I understand, some ninety of these school precincts. The communities may vote how much money shall be raised for school purposes by a general tax within each precinct.

I am informed that at the present time these districts average 300 schools each. Say that they have but fifty scholars attending each school. Here are 1,250,000 children with reading books. The books being distributed, it is quite likely that others than school children will get a peep into them. It is gratifying to see with what energy

Russian people improve such educational privileges as they have. A school at Zurich, Switzerland, of over sixty female scholars, enumerated fifty of its pupils from Russia. Can the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and the unequal privileges of certain classes, long withstand the power of education when shared by the masses? Can tyranny forever cope with the forces now seen to be arrayed against it? I do not believe so.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm ;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

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IX.

RUSSIA.

Obstacles to Progress—40,000 Glittering Church Domes—Natural Resources—Petroleum Geysers—What Russian People Have Done and What They May Do—Value of Home Commerce—The Cossack Republic.

RUSSIA cannot very rapidly change her form of government. The obstacles which prevent her articulating with the outside world are:

First—Her language. This cannot be easily acquired by others. Those speaking it will not readily learn any other language, consequently they cannot know what Western people are doing. Russia's civilization must be largely her own.

Second—Her apparent military necessities.

She must, and sometime will, have a frontier upon the Adriatic and the free navigation of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. These she cannot obtain without fighting Austria, Turkey and doubtless all Europe. How soon the chances of war will be in her favor no one can tell. Hearts are yet to bleed, lives are to be sacrificed and treasuries are to be supplied by severe taxation.

Pride, wealth and glory ask man yet to bleed.
And holy men quote Scripture for the deed.

Third—The domination of a showy, attractive, and cruelly expensive ecclesiastical system, having its head in Jerusalem, and its costly, glittering churches everywhere within the empire. Christ shelled wheat in his hands for food. He blessed little children and taught humility to mankind. These ostentatious churches and glittering domes so plentiful throughout Russia hardly look like disseminators of humility, or the burdens they lay upon poor people, like blessings to famishing children. One may travel a hundred miles in any direction and see no family residence but log cabins. Intermingled with these humble thatched

roofed houses at convenient distances, there rise against the horizon magnificent churches with gilded minarets and domes, each one having, I think, a chime of bells. There are in Russia 40,000 of such churches. The cost of any one of them is greater than that of all the houses of 100,000 people who support them. It is true that Russia allows the Roman Catholic, Lutheran and Episcopalian bodies a chance to exist, but the Greek Catholic so strongly dominates all others that its adherents alone make laws to govern all of them. It is not intended that the Greek Church shall be weakened. No person in Russia is permitted to change his or her religion, except in case of marriage, when the husband must embrace the religion of the wife, which attracts more men than it alienates from the favored church.

The foregoing considerations are subject to many qualifications as to retardment or advancement. A moral revolution headed by a Franklin, or a military revolution headed by a Bolivar, would hasten the dawn of liberty, or a revolution led by a Bonaparte would prolong the night of suffering.

Russia is a country rich in resources. She is peopled by an heroic race of men. She has a rich soil upon which to produce food and plenty of coal with which to manufacture goods. Some time in the not distant future she will take her place among the moral and physical forces of the world, and instead of wasting her wealth in burning incense before costly shrines, and in maintaining a million men to suppress the free utterances of other men, she will be multiplying steam engines and building seminaries of learning. Let it not be said that her climate is against her. The centre of her territory is on the thermal line of highest civilizations. Light is as necessary to vegetable development as solar heat. The long days of summer ripen barley in northern Russia in sixty days from the seed. It requires four months with us. The fig is a prolific crop in the south, and the temperature of her winters is simply conducive to activity. She has for centuries been the nursery of hardy men. It was on her vast plains and on those of neighboring Tartary where were bred the Vandals, the Huns, and the Goths, who in the early centuries swept across Germany, subdued Gaul and Spain,

traversed northern Africa, returned into Europe, put the Greeks under tribute, gave to the world a style of architecture which even now we are proud to imitate, and finally placed Theodoric triumphant on the throne of the imperial Cæsars.

Let us not underestimate the future influence of Russia. She is already our principal competitor in producing cereals, wool, flax, hemp, tobacco, salt, beet sugar, the precious metals, and petroleum; and she is quite sure to become our own and England's competitor in manufacturing cotton, wool, iron and other fabrics. She has a canal on the north which, with the river Volga, connects the Baltic with the Caspian Sea on the east. She also has a great ship canal which completes the circuit and connects the Caspian with the Black Sea on the south. A well-devised system of railroads interlaces her vast territory. She has telegraphic connection, wholly on her own soil, from St. Petersburg and Moscow, across Siberia to the Pacific Ocean and thence to China and Japan. Her petroleum output is something fabulous. Immense geysers throw ceaseless streams of oil into the air—one of them to the height of 240 feet.

One firm, the Nobel Brothers, are said to have an income of ten per cent on \$400,000,000 from their petroleum interests alone.

Just as soon as a little more wealth is accumulated by the Russian peasants, their land will be re-fertilized, a sub-soil will be raised to the surface, labor saving improvements will be brought into use, and the sources of the supply of many products for the markets of the world will be changed, as inevitably as was the position of England changed when the American colonies threw off the yoke which had so long bound them and advertised themselves ready for business. Englishmen will not yet admit what they then lost by the exercise of unbearable tyranny and for the want of prudential forecast. They still blindly say that they monopolize American trade. They say that America trades with them to the amount of \$400,000,000 a year, but they fail to comprehend that Americans trade among themselves to the enormous amount of \$18,000,000,000 per annum. They boast of their wealth, but they are dumb when we inform them that the United States inventories \$276,000,000 more property than their nation possesses, and that

notwithstanding the striking off of \$1,250,000,000 of slave assets and the most destructive war the world has ever witnessed, two-thirds of this wealth, or \$27,500,000,000 have been accumulated in the twenty years between 1860 and 1880.

It will be a great deal better for the haughty people of this naughty world not to close their eyes and ears too arrogantly to the stern facts which are locked up in the future Cossack republic.

As at a previous time I have spoken of Russian influence in Finland, I must now follow Russianism into Poland, where results have been wholly different. In the former country the Finns preserved their language, their literature, and their local parliament; in the latter the Poles lost not only their libraries and their local government, but their language is being vindictively forced out of existence.

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X.

RUSSIA—POLAND.

Hotels—Incense and Shrines—Depressing Effects of Russian Solitude—Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow—Burning of Smolensk.

OUR hotel at Moscow was the Slaveniske Bazar. And a bazar it indeed was. The long robed gentleman from Persia was there chatting with the turbaned merchant from Constantinople; the wooden-shoed Tartar was next door neighbor to the long-bearded Caucasian, while plain Englishman John was sadly mixed with the big trousered Afghan. But what a name for a hotel! Still Slaveniske Bazar is more euphonious than the Troi Morens—Three Moors—at Augsburg, Bavaria, or than the Pig and Turkey in London. The Pig and Turkey has the merit of suggesting good dinners, if the

name be not suggestive of cleanliness, while the Slaveniske Bazar is suggestive only of Oriental hash. However, we were wholly comfortable at the Bazar, and we ought to have felt entirely safe against evil-minded persons. High up on the wall in one corner of every apartment in the hotel hung a small picture of the Madonna, and in the public halls were pictures of the bleeding Saviour, made luminous with lighted candles and sensuous with sweet odors of burning incense.

Incense and shrines may frighten away the devil, but they do not appear to scare thieves in the least. I noticed that bolts and locks were as much relied upon to save valuables in saintly Moscow and St. Petersburg, as they are in wicked London and New York. Neither do these protective, miracle working devices seem to reduce sickness or prevent conflagrations; for, sad to relate, the death rate of Russia is 50 per cent greater than it is in our country, and fire insurance is three times as high. In all the railroad stations and public places, at every city gate and on every street and highway in Russia, one may bow before shrines and inhale odorous exhalations—some of which are not saintly. It will

not answer to say that the Russians are not a religious people. I fear that they have too much religion and too little grace.

The topography of Russia is oppressively monotonous and tiresomely uninteresting. The surface of the country bears the appearance of being one vast, level plain. Although slightly undulating, the diversity of surface is scarcely appreciable. From Holland on the west of Europe to the Ural Mountains on the borders of Asia, no table land has an elevation of over six hundred feet. Woods and farm land, farms and wood, only succeed each other. The atmosphere has a funereal quietness; the houses are all weather-beaten, one-story log huts, with no variation and with but few embellishments; the trees grow as straight as shipmasts; the rivers have but sluggish, lazy currents; even the smoke from chimneys rises in hazy solemnity; men move with slow steps, and here all nature seems sad and weary. The effect of this quiet sameness is sufficiently dispiriting to have attracted the attention of public men. It undermines ambition, enfeebles energy and destroys self-respect. On the central steppes and in the

south of Russia, where longer Summers and warm nights are added to hot days, a stagnation of mental energy ensues, which has impressed itself upon the national character. It causes all who can to move from place to place. A merchant, whose home is near the Bulgarian frontier, said to me: "The solitude of our steppes is unendurable. It makes many of our people melancholy and indolent; some of them it causes to become careless, dirty and vicious." Few persons take so philosophical a view of æsthetic influences as did my Russian friend. Change, variety, amusement of some kind—running water, tumbling cascades, hills, mountains, a circus—something to lift the veil of gloom and break satiety, are as necessary for contentment, as is variety in food necessary to give health to the system. A Gothic cottage surrounded by a plot of green grass, a few majestic trees, a painted fence, and bright colored flowers, with a hill in the distance, gratify pride, stimulate energy and develop ambition. Such influences are to children a liberal education. They lead to a rivalry which does not stop at one achievement. Such influences are unknown among the peasantry of Russia.

The western 100 miles of Russia and the eastern 50 miles of Poland is poor, sandy soil, insufficiently watered and sparsely populated. From Moscow to Berlin is 1,200 miles, and 1,200 miles of tamer landscape it has not hitherto been my lot to traverse. Without stops over, the ride in warm weather in the low compartment cars of Europe is nearly intolerable. Not a mountain, waterfall or other object of interest is encountered. I never permit myself to read in a car when passing through a country the first time. Shut up in a close, stuffy room, and separated from general companionship, the traveler here must entertain himself by conjuring that he sees bears in the woods, by watching sun-burnt women toiling in the fields, and wondering how far it is to the next station, or by the imaginary location of historic events, and in recalling the history of the country through which he may be passing.

There is no country in Europe which has not a history, and a sanguinary history, too. At no very remote time mankind seemed to thrive only by warfare. How crops were raised or hovels constructed in which to live, has to me always

been a mystery. Northern Europe was first peopled by nomadic races. Of course, the fleetest horsemen with the longest spears harvested the grain and did the eating. But after a time common good led to common compromises; tribes consolidated and nations grew. Then robbers had a better chance. War became glorious. The head of a king, the booty and the beauty of a city were worth great risks. What was life without scalps, feathers, and honor? The bandit leaders were themselves likely to be made princes or crowned kings, and, according to their successes in the murdering business were first fawned upon, then worshipped, and ever since have been called famous, and their children considered noble. Well, the countries of which I am speaking have more of such tradition than could be related in a thousand octavo pages. I shall not indulge in ancient history—not a line—and will only refer briefly to two short chapters of quite modern events.

We were at Smolensk, a city 230 miles south-east of Moscow. It is now a thriving place of 30,000 inhabitants, thirty splendid Greek churches—one for every thousand souls in it—

and a million dollar cathedral, extra. But the time was when Smolensk, its churches, its cathedral, and its shops and houses all disappeared, every one of them. They were burned. By whom; by their owners? No; they were burnt by the French. By looking upon a map you will see that Smolensk is a very long distance from France. What business had the French away up there? They were on a picnic excursion to pillage Russia, under the lead of a famous continental robber, Napoleon Bonaparte. This ubiquitous Bonaparte was not a Mohammedan; he was a first-class Christian statesman, a very wise man. That is what his biographers say. This is what a majority of persons think.

Napoleon Bonaparte had four brothers, three brothers-in-law, and a step-son. They were eight superfluous pegs for which he was trying to find holes. The places he was in search for were places occupied by kings. He found some such, but generally kings liked their business, and they objected to surrendering their places. One objection was enough. Bonaparte was a fighter. He would fight a weak nation for a place, and a rich one for tribute. More recently

he had a nephew who thought he was a fighter too. He said that Prussia needed a whipping. He was going to march a million men straight into Berlin. He started to see William. Something changed his course. He went to Se-dan. Had he continued only a few miles further, he would have been on his uncle's battle-field of Waterloo. Singular coincidence. Perhaps he did not like the association. Perhaps he was afraid of Wellington's ghost. However, he lost his country and he lost a crown. France lost Alsace and Lorraine, a great many valuable lives, and a vast amount of money.

But the uncle, the great Napoleon, was no such fool. He never lost, that is, scarcely ever. He knew everything. He knew just the season of the year to start for Russia. He timed it so as to enjoy a Russian sleigh ride. Sometimes it snows in Russia. He actually marched 500,000 men to Moscow. It was this little party that burned Smolensk. It was good fun. Bonaparte must amuse his soldiers. To be sure, they saw thousands of women and children fleeing into barren fields—they had killed the men in a glorious fight on the previous day—and what

did they care for helpless women and children? They were on their way to Moscow. They went to Moscow. But somehow, after arriving there, they didn't like Moscow, or the Muscovites didn't like them. It snowed in Moscow. It also rained—fire. If it was too hot for a few days, it was decidedly chilly after that time. But they had no sleigh rides, and they were getting hungry. They wanted to go home. They started in that direction. They appeared to be in very much of a hurry. The first thing they did was to drop their heavy blankets and tents. The wise Napoleon thought it would not hurt brave soldiers to sleep on the snow. Snow was soft. He had a carriage to sleep in. They tried sleeping on the snow. It was not comfortable, but there was nowhere else to sleep. They had burned all the houses on their way out. The next thing they did was to eat their horses, and the next was, trying to eat each other. It was tough eating, for the poor fellows were lean from suffering and hunger, and the survivors had hearts in their bosoms which beat with cannon sound when forced to such an alternative. But the dead were free from suffer-

ing. The suffering of the living had but just commenced. Some of them again straggled through Smolensk. This time they begged of those poor women for bread. There was no bread. Once more they lay down in the snow, perchance to dream of home and the dear ones there, but really to freeze to the ground never more to rise. It is estimated that not 100,000—some historians say not 80,000—of that great army of 500,000 conscript crusaders ever saw their homes again. Glorious Bonaparte!

XI.

POLAND.

Out of Russia—Contrast—The Partition—Before and After—Removal of Universities—Extinction of the Polish Language—Warsaw—Promised Land of the Jews—The Two Sects—Orthodox and Fanatical Jews—A Manuscript Bible—The Talmud.

IF a traveler does not feel the car jolt when he crosses the boundary between Russia and Poland, there are not wanting other evidences to convince him that he is again in a country where once at least was partial freedom. Standing at the car window, I saw a white house, a weather-vane, a well-sweep—in Russia they pull water out of wells in a bucket with a rope—and I also saw a garden of flowers, and other evidences of culture and the exercise of individual will. I remarked to my companions: "We must now be

in Poland." And we were in Poland. Soon we saw two horses drawing a plow, then modern cultivators drilling in seed wheat, and soon, a steam-propelled threshing machine. We also saw well-clad farmers and finely attired women at the stations, plenty of flowers, and sweet, cheerful faces. Yes, that was Poland—not Russia.

I once became deeply interested in the story of "Margery Daw." As curiosity became intensified and the story was being concluded, the author informed his readers that there was no Margery Daw. We, in America, have read much about Poland; we have heard a great deal concerning Poland; we have been made sad over the tribulations of Thaddeus of Warsaw; we have discussed Polish heroism; we have even erected monuments to the memory of Polish patriots who fought for us against our British lords, and we have a deep, sympathetic interest in many things concerning Poland. But alas! there is no Poland. Where is she? Ask Prussia, ask Austria, ask Russia.

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime.

Where is Kosciusko; where Pulaski; where Sobieski? In their graves, of course; but they either died in exile or their graves are in foreign countries, while the land for which they plead and shed their blood is ruled, not by the voices of their countrymen, but by the force of leagued oppressors. Where are the ancient universities of Poland; universities which reared a Copernicus to break the bonds of superstition and teach man the true relation of his planet to the solar system? Suppressed—removed—to enrich Poland's spoliators. Where is Warsaw's great Zaluskin Library, with its 300,000 precious volumes? In St. Petersburg. Where are the museums, relics, and archives of Stettin, Cracow, and Posen? In Berlin; in Vienna. What of a language older than the English, and which, had Poland remained intact, would now be spoken by 30,000,000 people? Outlawed; suppressed. It is not permitted to be spoken within the walls of Russianized seminaries; it cannot be used in legal proceedings or in Government documents, and the children of Polish parents must read—if they read at all—out of Russian text-books. Only one in nineteen of the

children of proper age in Poland is an attendant upon school. In Norway, Denmark, and Sweden 93 out of every 100 are in school. Less than one-third of the people of the former Polish Kingdom now speak their mother-tongue, and after another generation has passed away, no witnesses will exist to prove that such a language ever existed. Soon it will be as dead as the Sanskrit; as extinct as Chimborazo. This is the avowed intention of the Russian authorities. The Poles are excluded from Government positions of every kind, and upon railroads, in corporations and manufactories, but one in four of the employees is permitted to be taken from Polish families.

Prussia may apologize, Austria may prevaricate, and Russia disdain an answer, but the world has long since placed the stamp of its unqualified condemnation upon the partition of Poland. Each of these nations abetted the others in perpetrating the great crime, because each was to share in the spoil. It was not the weight of shot in the invaders' caissons that strangled Polish freedom; it was factional discords and the weight of foreign gold tickling traitors' palms that wrought

the death of Poland. It was traitors who placed Polish citadels in vandal hands, and sold their nation's honor. Disunited at home, a prostrate, supplicating people, became a prey to surrounding vultures and miscreant mercenaries. Heroic defenders were put to the sword or saved their lives by exile; cities were sacked and the homes of their defenders burned, while above the wild carnage of a plundering foe rose the tumultuous murmurs of vengeance, consternation, and despair.

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell.

The hope of freedom has never been quenched in the Polish heart; but for 114 years the Poles have lived on hope alone. Since 1772 their struggle has been frequently revived, but at each uprising the knife was plunged deeper into their vitals, until in 1864 the jugular vein—their language—was reached. Since then Poland has been dead beyond resurrection.

Politically, Warsaw is the extinct capital of Poland. It is still a seat of commercial wealth, of ecclesiastical bishoprics of the Greek, Catho-

lic, and Jewish Churches, and of what is left of the Universities of Poland. Warsaw is a city larger than Boston. It contains over 500,000 inhabitants. Located on the Vistula, 140 miles from the Baltic, intersected by railroads and in the heart of a rich agricultural country, her situation is one of commanding importance. A large portion of the city is as finely built as any in Europe. She has a complete system of tramways; several miles of corrugated iron pavements; fine zoological and botanical gardens, good theatres, several Protestant and about two hundred Greek Catholic and Roman Catholic churches, and a large number of Jewish synagogues. Her parks cover more than five square miles. One of them, in the form of a boulevard, is about 1,000 feet wide, extending from the heart of the city quite to its outer line—a very practical appropriation of open space. If Brooklyn's boulevard to the ocean were four times its present width and bordered by handsome residences of wealthy citizens, it would represent what Warsaw is now possessed of. Another park, through which runs a small stream, contains the governor's palace. Near it is an open-air, Roman-

esque, musical theatre. The auditorium is arranged with rising seats, from which the audience look across the water upon a little island twenty feet distant, where is located the orchestra among simulated ruins of the Forum. Boats ply back and forth, swans swim in the stream, flowers border the walks, and orange trees on wheels do duty in splendid style. At night, when lighted by electricity, the place is one of poetic beauty, and one of which the people of Warsaw are particularly proud. The city stands on a plateau about sixty feet above and on a bend of the river, which winds around one-third of its circumference. The principal bridge there, crossing the broad Vistula, with nearly a mile of graceful arches and tall stone piers, is a substantial structure to ride over, and a beautiful picture to look upon.

At Warsaw I met Jacob, Moses, and Levi, with many uncles, cousins, and aunts, and rather a large family of descendants. They appeared to be as much at home as if I had encountered them tending their flocks in Judea or trading out short weight silver dollars for corn in Egypt. Our Jewish friends are great travelers. I have

been in no place, however remote, in which I have not seen their genial faces. Until I visited Poland I did not know where their headquarters were. I had always supposed that they were a race without a nation, but there I found enough of them to make two nations of respectable size. There are 100,000 and more Jews in Warsaw alone. Perhaps Poland is their promised land, and already they are taking possession.

Many of the Polish Jews are educated, enterprising, and liberal, and they are among the best citizens of the country. But there are two kinds of Jews. Like the Christians, they are divided into sects—the Orthodox and the Fanatical Jews. The Orthodox Jews are cosmopolitan. They intermingle freely with other men, dress as do their Christian neighbors, engage in various pursuits, and are distinguished for their charity. Their synagogues are built in a sensible manner, and are unostentatious and commodious edifices. They are always open to the public, and free from superstitious emblems or mysterious ceremonies. In one of them I was shown a large Bible, wholly in manuscript—the writing of one scribe. These manuscript Bibles—still prevalent

throughout the East—show plainly how, from error or design, the Christian Fathers, who spent several hundred years in trying to make an acceptable New Testament, were involved in such a maze of trouble. They did not undertake it soon enough. The witnesses were all dead before the Gospels were commenced. Originally there were forty-four gospels, involving many contradictions. They were cut down to four. Then there were ninety different versions of Christ's teachings. More perplexity. No original complete manuscript of the New Testament written prior to the sixth century is now known to exist. So we do not know how many changes there were. We know, however, that there were a great many, and that yet they are not so exactly in accord as to be read alike by all men. It is only a few years since a new version was made, and already we are talking about revising the revision. To straighten matters out, there were forty-five councils of the church during the fourth century alone, and a good many after that time. Sometimes one council would throw out what a previous council had canonized and said ought to go in. We are still in

the dark. Out of this darkness England is to-day supporting 182 different religious sects. Each one says it is right. There are some who say that none of them is right.

The Fanatical Jews are clannish; they confine themselves to trade, reject the Septuagint Bible, and proceed wholly under the teachings of the Talmud. They are a queer people in more ways than one. The Talmud of the Hebrews; the Vedas of the Brahmins; the Zend Avesta of Zoroaster; the Koran of the Mohammedans, and the Bible of the Christians, all teach charity and cleanliness; but the Fanatical Jews seem not to have found any version inculcating the latter virtue. They live in small apartments over their shops. Their shops are located in narrow, filthy streets. The men all wear the typical frock-dress dangling below their knees; have long hair and beards reaching to their waists, and walk with canes as high as their arm-pits. The young women are handsome—Hebrew women are always handsome—they have long black hair, but, I regret to say, they are not over-fastidious in dress. Generally they seem to be uneducated and are not engaged in industries. But when

these innocent maidens marry, their lives change. Then they tend shop and are compelled to have their beautiful hair cut close to their heads—a barba-(e)-rous proceeding. In place of their natural hair they must wear a wig. Our ladies, fond of waterfalls and switches, probably obtain their supplies from this source. I asked why the women wore those abominable wigs. Religion—the Talmud!—was the reply. Yes, anything may become religion. Whirling Dervishes and shaking Quakers whirl and shake in the name of religion; but I mistrust that those pretty Jewesses part with their hair for the same reason that Jacob raised ring-streaked, speckled, and spotted calves when he worked for Laban—shekels, money. These shops! They do not contain ring-streaked and speckled kine, but they do contain not only ring-streaked and speckled wares, but a Mosaic of wares and dirt wonderful and mysterious in variety. Alcohol and andirons; brimstone and butter; charcoal and carpets; dish-cloths and darning-needles; ebony and eggs; furniture and fiddles; gridirons and gingham; pots and pastries; ivory and incense; knives and kettles; looking-glasses and

laces; molasses and matches; onions and odors; in fact, almost every portable thing one can easily think of, excepting tooth-brushes and fine tooth-combs, may be found in the shops of the Fanatical Jews in Warsaw.

XII.

WARSAW.

Why I Went to Warsaw—The Homes of Pulaski and Kosciusko—Nikolas Kopernik—A Flat Earth—Results of One Man's Life—Galileo, Columbus and Magellan—What I Thought Standing by the Tomb of Kopernik.

I WAS glad to be in Warsaw. My interest in that city was not one of mere sentiment arising out of a knowledge of its sad history. It was from other and distinct reasons. The time was when America had oppressors and when she needed friends. Her friends were found in Poland and they did not wait to be asked to fly to our country's rescue. At Warsaw the patriot Casimir Pulaski was under sentence of death. He escaped from prison, fled to America and entered Washington's army. When gallantly

leading a regiment in the defence of Savannah, he was struck by an English bullet, and with expiring breath, said: "Let not Liberty perish." In Warsaw I saw the stately mansion where once lived Thaddeus Kosciusko, the friend of America, the friend of Washington, the friend of Poland and the friend of man. It was pleasant to be upon the ground and procure local tradition concerning the achievements of those noble men. It was, however, even more than my interest in the memory of those revered names that induced me to visit Warsaw.

Warsaw was the home of one greater than Kosciusko, greater than Europe, greater than America and greater than the whole world. There were planted by that man the seeds of a liberty as broad as the earth and affecting all mankind then living and thereafter to live. He was the principal actor in the most important drama—tragedy, rather—recorded on the pages of history. It was too awful to be real. But it was real. It had continued for more than one thousand years. The world was the stage; the stars in the firmament were the scenery; the infernal regions the dressing-room; the Christian

Church the prompter; instruments of torture the working machinery; millions of helpless men the foils and fanatical men the executioners. It was to see the majestic tree arising from those seeds, now standing in one of the little parks of Warsaw—Thorwaldsen's statue of Copernicus—that I wished to visit that city and look upon the objects which once the eyes of that immortal man had beheld. Reverentially uncovering and humbly bowing in that sacred presence, the tears of gratitude which then dimmed my eyes but partially bespoke the emotions I felt. There are times when cumulative emotions overwhelm the power of speech and enforce silence. I was silent. I thought. What did I think?

The effort which has been so long made to suppress popular knowledge respecting the great Copernican conflict and the disgraceful part played by the Christian Church in opposing scientific investigation, have been such that I feel it a duty, when opportunity offers, to add my mite in the direction of revealing the facts. My knowledge unhappily is not much, but such as I have, I freely give unto you.

I thought—that had not Nikolas Kopernik

lived, I should not have had existence. Singular thought, say you. Aye, it is more than thought. It is fact. Had Copernicus not established the rotundity of the earth, Columbus would not have discovered America ; my parents would not have met ; I should never have been, and could not be made happy by the sweet children whose lives are now a source of perennial joy to me. It is only 343 years since Copernicus died. It is also just 343 years since his treatise on the revolution of the planetary system was published. It is, however, 379 years since in secrecy it was written. Why those thirty-six years of concealment ? Ah ! there is the history, there the torture, there the victory and there the shame.

The idea of the rotundity of the earth was not new. In the tomb of Rameses, who died about the time Moses was born—1500 B. C.—has been found a massive golden circle divided into 360 degrees. In the British Museum there may be seen Egyptian entablatures of 1722 B. C., on which are engraved the signs of the Zodiac. The Babylonians had calculated the diameter of the earth and fixed the Sidereal year within two minutes. The Aztecs of Mexico, when destroyed

by the Spaniards, had also calculated the size of the earth within a fraction of a mile. They had the length of the year within two seconds, which was several seconds nearer exactness than was known by any Christian nation. The Alexandrian Library contained globes, astrolabes, and spheres and charts of the earth. At the beginning of the Christian era every scientific man understood that the earth was round. But this important knowledge was Pagan, and it did not suit the purposes of the new dominant sect. It was crushed out, suppressed, outlawed. The Christian Bible was constructed upon the geocentric theory of a flat earth. The earth was the center of the universe. The sun was made to give this earth only, light by day, and the stars to direct its course only, by night. Christ was given existence and died only for the benefit of men in Asia, Africa and Europe. That was the limit. Joshua could make the sun stand still for a whole day. The sun occasionally needed rest. This earth alone was interested in the matter. The planets and the stars did not receive their light from the sun. They were placed in the heavens for our earth's entertainment. They were traveling on their

own account. This is what the Bible teaches. It was all the makers of it knew about the world. There were some men even then who knew something more than this. They were silenced by such arguments as the rack, the stretcher and the faggot bring.

Copernicus knew the fate of the astronomical writings of Thales, Pythagorus, Aristarchus, Aristotle, Ptolemy and Strabo. He was not ignorant of the parts played by Constantine, Eusebius, Theodosius and Diocletian, in their endeavors to extinguish scientific literature. He knew who destroyed the great Serapion Library at Alexandria; why Hypatia was torn in pieces; why Proterius, St. Boniface, Arnould, D'Arcole and other skeptical inquirers were burned and their ashes scattered to the winds; why Gerbert was poisoned, and why Roger Bacon was imprisoned—each of them a martyr to the cause for which he was living. He knew what dungeons and tortures were for, and the convincing power of such arguments upon those who stayed to try them. Happily Copernicus also knew the value to mankind of his life until he could scatter in friendly hands the result of his discoveries, so that all copies of his treatise might not be destroyed.

For thirty-six years there was not in all Europe a printer who dared issue a declaration that the earth and other planets revolved around the sun. The author of such an avowal and the publisher of it were blasphemers and heretics. Finally, at Nuremburg, in Bavaria, was found a printer who, under the apologetic strategy of presenting both sides of an absurd hypothesis, undertook the risk. Then was put in type the great heretical treatise—unquestionably the most important book ever written by man. Broken by age, driven out of Rome and hunted through Europe, Copernicus sought his own home to die. The proof-sheets of his treatise were secretly conveyed to him. He read them on his death-bed. The philosopher's work was done. The first copy of his book was placed in his hand. He kissed it, he blessed it, he bathed it with his tears, and with trembling voice said: "Go, little messenger, go." Then he sank upon his pillow, his own spirit going—we know not whither—the church said to hell.

Beaten, baffled, foiled. The truth was out at last. Europe was ablaze.

Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry.

Councils were called. Messengers were dispatched and orders issued to intercept and destroy the books of Copernicus under the penalty of the rack here and eternal damnation hereafter to any person who dared conceal one of them. It was too late. The books were already in India; they had been reprinted in Sweden and in England.

It was not the Catholics alone who were opposing the Copernican theory. On that question the Protestants and Catholics were once more united. Each sect drew its inspiration from a Bible that, although believed to be inspired, was written by men who knew only the partial boundaries of a flat earth.

They did not know anything about a Western Hemisphere. They had never heard of Australia. The Bible says:—"The sun riseth in the east, it goeth down in the west." That was enough. True, this doctrine had been disputed by Pagans in China, in India, in Assyria, in Egypt and in Greece, who had never heard of a Christian Bible. But the Christians had pretty nearly rid themselves of the influence of those Pagan skeptics. They would have no more denial by Copernicus or by anyone else. They

lived upon a flat earth which was the center of God's universe. Their prayers could control the movement of the sun. Joshua had tried it. The wise men from the east had been guided to the Infant Saviour's manger by dancing stars. It was a glorious thing to control the sun and the stars. They could not do these things if the Copernican theory should be established. The Pope anthematized, cardinals protested and bishops appealed to the Inquisition. Martin Luther said: "Copernicus was an astrologer, a fool, who was trying to reverse God's laws;" that "Aristotle, Copernicus and school teachers were locusts, beasts." Melanchthon said: "The earth is the center of the universe. It is a want of honesty to deny it." John Calvin and his Church Council at Geneva went further; they publicly burned the books of Servetus upon the subject and they burned poor Servetus in the same bonfire. Those men, however, were but the instruments of authorities who at an early date laid down laws for their successors to follow. Pope was not the real author of the paradoxical falsehood that "Ignorance is bliss." St. Polycarp of the second century, one of the most

revered of the Christian Fathers, was the formulator of that libel. St. Polycarp said: "That the most monstrous demons, hostile to God, were inventions and astronomy." After that and similar utterances by the Christian Fathers, naturally, the astronomical instruments at Alexandria were to go, and, of course, Copernicus was not to be permitted to revive them.

A round earth! Preposterous! Christ had not said anything about a round earth. He had not even informed them that there was another hemisphere peopled by millions of sinful men with souls like their own, needing salvation. The Bible only spoke of a flat earth. Any other theory would upset them completely. They did not propose to be upset. They did, however, propose to make a finish of what was left of the teachings of those awful skeptics, Plato, Aristarchus and Aristotle, and of Copernicus at the same time. A desperate point was reached. The art of printing had been introduced into Europe from Pagan China. Another invention of the devil. Of this art the great Cardinal Wolsey said: "If we do not destroy this invention it will destroy us." They tried to

destroy a knowledge of the printing press. They did not succeed. The books of Copernicus were already well distributed. They were increasing the army of heretics. The planets were in motion. They had been seen in motion through some dreadful instruments called telescopes, just then discovered by two persons at widely different points—Tycho Brahe, in Holland, and Galileo, in Italy. More misfortune. The defenders of a flat earth fought the harder.

Other planets! The idea was absurd. How could the inhabitants of those planets have descended from Adam? Such teachings should not be tolerated. They would dig up the bones of Copernicus, chop them in pieces and burn them to ashes as a warning to the advocates of his theory. But they didn't. Copernicus knew that they would be after his bones and he had provided that no inscription should reveal his place of burial. Other planets! It was against the scriptures. How could the dwellers upon far off worlds have entered Noah's ark?

Once more they commenced a search for those dynamite books. The search was a failure. The books seemed to have wings. They flew from

place to place and they were hidden. Other planets! Admitting the fact would degrade Christ's mission. How could he extend his salvation to sinful mortals on other planets? The fight must be continued. It was continued. A round earth! Awful. How could the people on the under side see God at the Day of Judgment when he came through the clouds to reward good men like themselves and punish such monster heretics as Copernicus and Galileo?

Bitterness became wormwood, prisons were full; engines of torture were multiplied and scaffolds were swept away by streams of human blood. Things were discouraging. Through those telescopes the changing phases of the planet Venus could be seen—they were seen, thus absolutely proving her rotundity and movement. Galileo and Brahe thought that such evidence would end the war. Not a bit of it. The telescope was prying into God's affairs. It was placed under the same ban as Copernicus's books and Bruno's writings. The inventors of the telescopes were put in prisons. Galileo saved his life by taking an oath that he was sorry. Brahe was persecuted, and, happily for him, died

before the frenzied emissaries reached his place of abode. But they burned Bruno at a stake and sported with his ashes as a warning to other heretics. Victory was yet with the oppressors. Still the good seed was sprouting in various places. Toscanelli prepared some charts of a round earth. With those charts, Columbus started for the east by sailing west. He saw the pillars of Hercules sink below the eastern horizon. He saw new constellations in the heavens. He encountered islands. He returned. He gave to Europe a new continent. He thought that this new proof of a round earth would put out the fires of persecution. He was mistaken. Instead of thanks he received anathemas. Columbus died in chains.

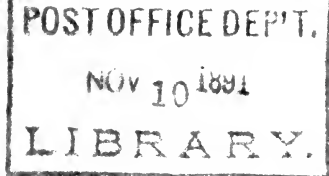
Then Magellan took up the work. For three long years his little fleet followed the setting sun through unknown seas, under unknown stars, until again, like phantom apparitions, its weather-worn pinions reappeared in the harbor of Seville, from whence it had set forth upon the most momentous voyage ever undertaken by man. Magellan was dead, but his fleet had circumnavigated the globe. The heliocentric theory

was true. The earth was not the center of the universe. There were other worlds. The sun did not shine for this earth alone. It did not stand still for Joshua. Copernicus was right. The earth was round.

The Church has never said that it was sorry for the mistake it had made, for the misery it had entailed and for the lives it had sacrificed; but recently it has been silent on the flat earth question.

This silence permitted a fitting inscription to be placed upon the tomb of Copernicus. It has also permitted the repeopling of the continent discovered through his cosmic knowledge, by a race who have built observatories and catalogued the stars, until we have not only a pretty fair knowledge of our own planetary system, but also some knowledge of a hundred million other similar systems. When Copernicus departed from the world's great stage, he left the curtain rolled up. The light which comes from science had begun to illuminate the horizon. The freedom which comes from knowledge was opening the lips of the hitherto silent. Its sweet influences were beginning to soften the

hard path of suffering man, to relax the severe grip of civil tyrants and the superstitious bondage of ecclesiastical thralldom. The Dark Ages of a thousand years' duration were ended. I was near the mouldering remains of the mortal man who projected upon the world these wonderful results, multiplied by what has since followed, rendering the achievements of the last three centuries far greater than those of all previous time. Copernicus placed us under an indebtedness to his memory that can be discharged, so far as we are concerned, only by teaching our children the condition of man when he came upon the earth and his condition now, that they may know to whom the credit is due. This was what I thought when I stood before the statue of the heretic Nikolas Kopernik. Yes, I was glad to be in Warsaw.



XIII.

GERMANY.

A Family of Kings—Kaiser William and the Crown Prince—Queen Victoria and John Brown—Dresden—Bonds and Beer—Barbarous American Pavements—Bavarian Geese—Nuremberg—How to Convert Sinners—Ecclesiastical Relics—The Lady of Mercy.

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown. King William of Prussia is an old man; but aside from age he looks weary and tired. Kings have to appear in public to appease the people; they wear mail to ward off bullets; they take their food from tasters for fear of poison, and without any specified duties their lives are continuous burdens. The King business in Europe is not what it used to be. As a class, they have proved incompetent; as a whole, they are known to be expensive luxuries. It so happened

that when I was in Berlin—I am now homeward bound, and write in the past tense—the King of Portugal was visiting the royal family there. Of course there was a public reception and a military parade. King William, the crown prince, and his oldest son, making three generations of actual and prospective kings of Prussia, and the King of Portugal, headed the procession. At Copenhagen the king and queen of Denmark passed in an open carriage where I happened to be standing. On another occasion, in a similar manner, I encountered the king and queen of Saxony. I have seen Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, and the Prince of Wales at Buckingham Palace, and I once met Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, in Florence. I also saw Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, when he was in New York. These persons are educated, and naturally have cultivated manners, but I do not remember any utterance or remark made by any of these royal personages, excepting Dom Pedro, that has been considered worth recording. They think, however, that their ideas are as important as their stations. Sensible people do not think so. Kings have little by little been shorn of

their power. They possess no legislative functions; they cannot veto a bill of their parliaments, and it is a matter of indifference to the government ministers whether they communicate with them or remain silent. Their business is to dress, permit courtiers, ambitious young ladies, and other advertising agents, to kiss their hands, and keep the modistes and shop-keepers in customers.

When Prince Albert died, Queen Victoria undertook to make the people believe that a queen's grief at the loss of a husband was very different from the grief of other women who mourn under a similar affliction. For years she kept herself in seclusion; forgot all about parliament, had her horses and servants attired in deepest mourning, and her royal yacht was painted black and draped with crape. Recently she had another affliction; her valet, John Brown, died. She wrote a book principally to tell how badly she felt without Brown. Again, she supposed that her subjects would be deeply moved by her grief for Brown. A high conception of duty for a queen, surely! Her book is the laughing stock of the world. But this is the way it goes. A

president of the United States may not be its wisest statesman, but he is certain not to be a fool, and when he becomes president he has power to make appointments and veto bills, and he has to work. Money and lands may be inherited, but brains cannot be inherited. The idea of making the oldest son of a certain man the head of a nation, whether he knows anything or not, is not in harmony with the spirit of our age.

Dresden is a fine city with a wealthy population, whose principal business appears to be to manufacture beautiful porcelain and cultivate flowers, keep clean streets with smooth pavements, accumulate pictures, conduct seminaries of learning, cut coupons from off national bonds, and drink beer. Their beer is said to be exceptionally good, but the recent World's Exhibition at Paris gave its premium for the best beer to Anshæuser, of St. Louis, America. The Germans do not drink much spirituous liquor. Beer may not be necessary for man's well-being; neither are tea and coffee, but so long as men will have some kind of a bibulous habit, it is doubtless a practical

temperance argument to encourage the substitution of good beer and wine for bad whiskey. Speaking of street pavements, I am safe in saying that there is not in all Europe a single city with such abominably rough, unsightly, and filthy streets as those of New York. Enough money is annually lost in broken carriages and drays, and from laming and killing horses on our best thoroughfare—Broadway alone—to pay the cost of a proper pavement five times over. Our pavements are noisy, back-breaking, horse-killing barbarities.

Porcelain, the manufacture of which has enriched and made Dresden famous, was one of the lost arts of the ancient Egyptians. Its rediscovery was the result of one of those singular accidents which sometimes follow illogical causes. It came from superstition, blood and wheat flour, or rather from the doctrine of transubstantiation. To sell wafers containing the body of Christ, had brought unmeasured streams of gold to the heads of the church. They were fond of gold and they adopted any custom which would produce gold. The sale of indulgences to sin, and the sale of holy wafers, were their most

prolific source of wealth. Transubstantiation of Christ's body into bread was but the corollary of transmutation of base metals into shining gold. This was the philosopher's stone—the elixir of life. Transubstantiation received a new baptism. To oppose it, meant persecution, confiscation of goods, or death, or all of them. From the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries, Europe furnished many martyrs to the cause of unbelief. William Sautree, about 1450, was the first martyr in England. Then followed a heretic tailor, John Badbee, who said that: "If transubstantiation were true, there were 20,000 gods in every corn-field in England." Badbee was burned, but the fire of the fagots surrounding him was seen from the cliffs of Dover to the Grampian hills, and the groans of the lookers-on were heard throughout Europe.

Still transubstantiation flourished and the effort at transmutation amounted to a craze. Although chemists, for scientific researches were interdicted, alchemists were besought to produce gold with promises of substantial rewards here and of eternal life hereafter. About 1705, one Johann Böttger, a chemist of Berlin, fled to Dresden,

thinking that among strangers he might follow his pursuit unnoticed. He was mistaken. His fame preceded him. The fumes from his crucibles could not be concealed. It was believed that Böttger had discovered the philosopher's stone. The Elector, Francis I. of Saxony, had Böttger placed in a prison in the royal castle where he was to be furnished with all the necessary apparatus and material, from which he should reveal to him the long sought *elixir vite*. Böttger disclaimed the supernatural knowledge attributed to him. But there was no option; he must try to produce gold or remain a prisoner. He preferred freedom and he kept himself busy in his laboratory. One day he sent his valet for some powder with which to adorn his wig. Observing that the powder was of peculiar gravity, he analyzed and experimented with it. From that hair powder he reproduced porcelain. Although not a transmutation of other metals into gold, it was a transmutation of unproductive superstitious idolatry into a beneficent power, which has done more for the enrichment of Dresden and of the world than all the dogmas ever promulgated by the edicts of deluded churchmen.

I am fond of soft things, particularly soft pillows. Pillows are usually made of feathers. Feathers—the most of them in use—grow on geese, and the geese are raised in Bavaria. Goose-farming is one of the principal industries of Central Bavaria. This is the more singular as the land is dry and poorly watered, and geese like water. “I should think that to raise geese successfully you need to be near water,” I remarked to a Bavarian farmer at a railroad station. “Yah,” he replied, “zem goose, he fools round in dot waser till he forgit dot his biznes is to set on zome egg, and give us more leetle gooslings.” There is everything in knowing one’s business.

Nuremburg in Bavaria is more of a Dutch city than any city in Holland. She has houses—many of them—of four stories to the eaves and five stories in the slanting roofs above the eaves, giving nine and sometimes ten stories to the gable ends. She is a quaint, sleepy old city with a hundred thousand inhabitants, a history, a museum of ecclesiastical relics, a flourishing university and many manufacturing establishments, and is the residence of a woman—a lady of wide,

but very bad reputation. Of this lady I must say a word after a proper introduction to her.

Nuremburg is now a Protestant city. Once it was a Catholic city. Martin Luther went there. The two sects quarrelled. The protesters won. At Nuremburg was printed the first copy of Copernicus's great work on the revolution of the heavenly planets, which revolutionized the world. Near to the old shop where that book was printed, there is quite a hill covered with important buildings. Around two sides of the hill winds a little river. We ascend the eminence to get a view of the city and the surrounding country. The view is one of rare beauty. On our way to the hill we cross a bridge over a deep moat. Then we pass through the gate and under the portcullis of a high and strong stone wall which surrounds the citadel. On our left is an old prison with thick walls but without windows. Some would call it a dungeon. Its walls are planted beneath the surface waters of the river. A little higher up, there is a church with rich stained windows, a baptismal fountain, an image of the crucified Saviour, pictures of the Holy Mother and the Apostles, incense and

prayer-books. Still further up and around the hill, there is a museum of medieval ecclesiastical relics: swords, helmets, cross-bows, battle axes and bibles. Again higher, into a council building on the very pinnacle of the hill. We ascend stairs. We come to the top. The room is dark, excepting as light is let in by small slides in the roof worked by pulleys. In that remote, guarded and nearly dark tower is kept the lady of whom I have spoken. This lady has a sister residing in a similar interesting retreat at Edinburgh. The reputation of each of them is quite the same—bad. The Edinburgh sister is called the Scavenger's Daughter. The one in Nuremburg has a more enticing name. She is known as the Lady of Mercy. She is not young. She has been there for more than two hundred years. But she looks fresh and seems to like the place, although her companions are not very cheerful looking, when the light is let in upon them. I am sorry that I cannot let a calcium light upon them that could be seen around the world.

Instruments of Christian torture! How contradictory the words sound. That Christ who said "If thy enemy smite thee on one cheek,

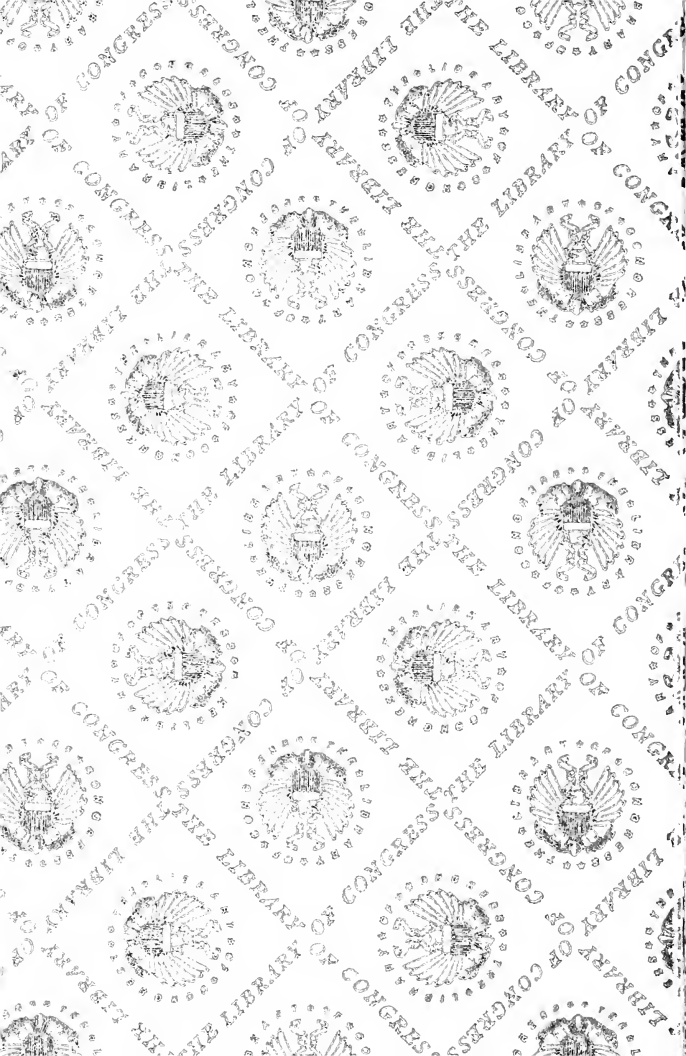
turn to him the other also," should have followers who would torture and kill men—not for being charitable and forgiving—but because they did not believe in infant sin and eternal damnation! Well, these instruments of torture are there—within those walls, in that dreary prison, on that hill in Nuremburg—the rack—the pillory—the screw—the levers and the pulleys that slowly wrenched bones from their sockets, and the furnace where were heated the irons that burned out innocent men's eyes. Death by such means was slow—it was not pleasant. The Lady of Mercy did better. She was formed out of thick plank, on the outside chiseled and formed after the fashion of a full robed woman, with a crown upon her head, one hand across her breast and her supplicating eyes turned towards heaven, all painted in rich ecclesiastical colors. Through the walls of the image, from all directions are driven numerous long, sharp spikes. The image opens at the side in halves. The front half swings back upon its hinges, presenting two concave apertures large enough to contain a human figure. On the floor there is a trap door. The victim was placed upon the trap, his back, head, legs and arms resting against those sharp spikes. The

movable half of the image also containing similar spikes—they never forgot the spikes—was slammed together. The spikes entered the brain, the eyes, the legs, the arms, the heart. They met in the center of the victim's body. It was a quick death, compared with that produced by many of the torturing devices for converting heretics, to be seen in that cheerful place. It was a merciful death, because quick. The door of the image was swung back. A spring to the trap was touched. The body was loosened and it fell, down—down—down, one hundred feet—through a dark dismal shaft, intersected by horizontally revolving knives which chopped it in pieces, that fell into the waters beneath and then floated away with the dead cats and offal of a Christian city, while the executioners sang hymns of exultation and prayed to their God to bless their hellish and fiendish barbarity!

Men of that saintly, frenzied brood,
 Blind to charity—deaf to reason;
 Who think through unbeliever's blood
 Lies their directest path to heaven;
 Men who will pause and kneel unshod
 In the warm blood their hands have poured,
 To mutter o'er some prayer to God
 Engraven on a reeking sword.

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